# SCOURGE.

## AUGUST 1, 1812.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Our Albany correspondent is requested to favor us with a continuation of his entertaining observations.

The remarks on the appearance of Lady M. at the Chapel-royal, are expressed in terms of animadversion too dangerous to permit their insertion, even supposing the circumstances on which they bear to be correctly stated.

Our postponement of several articles is solely occasioned by our endeavour to accommodate their publication to the urgency of the public demand. When nobody speaks, or thinks of Mr. B. why should we persevere in our intention of disclosing his impositions on the public credulity?

The hints of our correspondents are at all times acceptable, but it is impossible to reply distinctly to every individual who may favour us with his communications. Care and correctness are as necessary qualifications in a useful correspondent as genius and information.

We have endeavoured to render personal satire an incidental rather than a prominent feature of the SCOURGE; not as W. W. supposes, because we are aware of its improper tendency, but because we wish to draw the attention of our readers to more interesting and more useful subjects.

The pamphlet of Joanna Southcote, addressed to "MR. HEWSON CLARKE, late of Emanuel College, Cambridge, Editor of the SCOURGE," shall be attended to.

THE

# SCOURGE.

AUGUST 1, 1812.

## VACCINE QUACKERY.

MR. EDITOR,

In the year 1803, the Royal Jennerian Society issued from their central-house in Salisbury Square, a very curious piece, entitled "A comparative View of the Effects on Individuals and Society between the Small-pox and Cow-pox," emblazoned with seven tablets and labels, in the manner of a school-boy's writing-piece. After the publication of the Serious Reasons for objecting to Vaccination, in which this shameful practice was exposed, the prints were called in, and the copper-plate destroyed: Some few, however, remained in the hands of a family, where one of the children was unfortunately a victim to the experiment, and as every thing has since proved the reverse of what is asserted in that comparative view, this manner of burlesquing that *artful and designing* attempt to mislead the unwary, has been thought a proper subject for your publication; that the remote counties where the Scourge is read, may be informed that since it has been proved Dr. Jenner inoculated his own child with small-pox, and kept it a secret for ten years, and such fatal consequences have resulted from the experiment, the practice has ceased in the metropolis, or is confined to the followers of Rowland Hill.

Attempts were made in Gloucestershire, the county where the discoverer resided, to form an association among the faculty for the support of cow-pox, but the

son of a gentleman of fortune in the county, who had been cow-poxed by Dr. Jenner, happening to fall dangerously ill of the natural small-pox, soon after Lord Grosvenor's son, not more than 100l. were subscribed, and the central station which was to have been at Cheltenham is entirely given up. The burlesque is therefore dedicated to that association.

On a sarcophagus lies a sick cow, and Time, who is represented as *short*, is cutting her head off with his scythe, the inscription recording, that Vaccine expired on April-fool's day.

A cornucopia pours forth the publications which issued from the press in favor of the practice, and which lie on a bed of roses; and another, the diseases which result from it, and which have sometimes terminated in death, as in the families of Mr. Watts, Mr. Haslam, Captain Butts, and others.

The tablets are not so numerous as in the original, being only four. The first alludes to the resolution agreed on, among that nondescript class of beings, called men-midwives.

The second is a copy of one from the Jennerian school-piece, alluding to the genuine and spurious sorts, and to the 3000l. a year allowed by parliament to carry on the job.

The third is also borrowed from the same source, barely reversing the inscription.

And the fourth speaks for itself.

As to the stage scene. We need say little to explain the wit of it. The broad boards have been very active in falsifying the reports made to the House of Commons; the Harleyan orators are selected for pall-bearers, the president mourns the loss of his annuity, and the groupe who follow are some of those charitably disposed persons, male and female, who have been persuaded to subscribe liberally, and to practice, by the safety and security held forth in the various addresses and reports of the vaccine societies.

Considering how much money has been expended, how much mischief has been propagated, and how much doubt and uncertainty remains, we may call upon the College of Physicians to know their positive opinion on the security or fallacy of the experiment, as well to explain why the discoverer, placed over them as director of their present vaccine institution, by order of the House of Commons, was dismissed from their board, and Mr. Moore appointed in his room.

The falling down of the college, with the flag of Broadhums for ever, is prophetic of what may be expected; for the quack doctor of forty years advertising practice, is now actually admitted a student of physic under some members of the College of Physicians, teachers of medicine at the anatomical theatre in Windmill-street.

Your distant readers may doubt such intelligence, but they will find on enquiry that any difficulties may be subdued in the metropolis if they bring up money enough, for as the quacks find it so easy to become regulars, so the regulars find it very lucrative to become quacks: the *placebo* in physic, and the operation in surgery, are their chief aim; the doctors have found the art and mystery of not killing their patients, and the surgeons seem to have forgotten the art of curing.

CELSUS.

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## MR. COBBETT.

THE popularity of William Cobbett has been long and gradually declining, even among those of his partizans, who "forgetting the man in the principle," assembled on a late occasion to celebrate his release from prison; nor is it easy for an impartial enquirer to review his writings with attention, without confessing the justice of this revolution in the public sentiment. It is not our purpose

however to enter into a renewed exposition of the various acts of apostacy and inconsistency that have marked the successive steps of his career; how often he has retracted and re-asserted the same opinions, or how suddenly he has, on various occasions, abandoned those principles he had most maturely adopted and most earnestly supported. It may not be useless, however, to remind our readers, that though he ascribes the change in his views of men and persons to reflection, discussion, observation, and the agency of time, his opinions on the subject of the Americans and the American policy underwent in the course of a single week, a total and unexpected revolution; that the sentiments he now disavows as the result of immature and hasty observation were declared by him, on their first promulgation, to be the offspring of patient thought and long experience; that at twenty he was a loyalist, at thirty a revolutionist, in a subsequent period of his life a loyalist again, and that he has now returned to his original profession. Leaving his inconsistencies, therefore, and his apostacies to the future consideration of the reader, we shall devote our attention to his conduct as a sufferer under legal persecution, and to the defence that he has made against the charge of deserting the cause of which he had been regarded as the martyr.

On the 9th of July, the day on which the meeting took place, the following " address" intended to be published in the Political Register, but afterwards withdrawn, was inserted in the Times.

" *To the readers of the Register.*

" As I never have written merely for the sake of gain, and as I have always held it to be a base act to write upon political subjects, or more correctly speaking to take a part in the war of politics merely with a view to emolument, or the means of a livelihood, I cannot of course, after what has taken place, think it proper, let the pecuniary loss be what it may, to continue any longer this publication; and, therefore with this present number,

which also concludes the volume, I put an end to it for ever. I hardly think that any statement of my reasons for doing this, can be necessary to any body, for it must be manifest that if the work were continued it would not be what it has been, and of course it would no longer meet with the approbation of those by whom it has hitherto been approved of. It is manifest that if continued it must take quite a new tone and manner, nay, that its matter must also be changed; that in short it must be totally different to what it has hitherto been, and therefore those who have most highly valued its existence, must of course be the most desirous that it should now cease to exist.

"I know that there nevertheless will be enough persons to say that I have *deserted* the *cause*, but I shall ask *whose cause?* It is, I presume, meant the cause of the public, or the people, or the country; give it what name you please. Well, if the putting a stop to this work be an injury to the country, let it be recollected, that it is the country itself who have condemned me."

In allusion to this letter containing this document, and in refutation of the conclusions that had been drawn from its publication, Mr. Cobbett declared in his opening speech at the late meeting of his friends, that as far as it accused him of any slavish and corrupt motive, it was a tissue of falsehoods. "The advertisement then inserted, (he says) was sent for insertion in the Register a short time before I was sent to prison. It expresses my design not to continue the publication of the Register, because —what? Not because I had repented any thing I had done or said, but because I was apprehensive that I could not exercise the same liberty I had heretofore enjoyed, and because I would not consent to lower the tone I had heretofore held. (*Repeated cheers.*) The substance of that advertisement is the same as I had intended to have published in the newspapers; it was written on Wednesday, I beg you to bear the dates in mind, at Botley, seventy miles distant, and was transmitted from thence to London. After it had been put into the post on reflection

by Mr. Finnerty and myself (who was with me and will bear testimony to the truth of my statement) we determined on the following day that since it might be construed into an abandonment of the cause, it would be better that it should not be inserted, at least until the court of King's Bench had pronounced upon me the sentence it chose to inflict. On Thursday, therefore, it was resolved that Mr. Finnerty should proceed to London to stop the publication, as no answer could be received in time by the post. He did so: so that it is impossible that my conduct could have been influenced by any consideration of the consequences that might result to my person or property.''

And again, in the course of the evening, in reply to Mr. Collier, he observed that he was accused of two charges: first, that he had not agreed to an open subscription, but that he had contrived to accomplish the same object in an indirect way. On this charge he commented at some length, and proceeded to state "that having been a private soldier he had been enabled by the exertion of his own mind, to realize any property which he now possessed. He thanked no man for this, not even the public. He did not even say in his advertisement that he would thank any one who would buy his book; but if he had a right to sell his own property, he presumed to think he had answered this part of the charge."

"The second charge," he continued, "was that after conviction he had intended to give up the publication of the Register. This he had already explained. He surely had a right to discontinue his Register if he was inclined. He had not contracted with the public to continue it for any particular period. Supposing he had made, according to his own ideas, a sufficient sum of money to enable him to cease from labouring any further, surely he had a right to do so, The bare circumstance of his discontinuing his publication, therefore, could have nothing in it whatever. If he had indeed made it a condition of his punishment being remitted or mitigated; if he had made a proposition agreeing to discontinue his Register, if he

Attorney-general would remit his punishment, or if he had even acceded to such a proposition, when made to him, then he would have abandoned his principle. This however he utterly denied. He denied distinctly that he had ever made such a proposition, that such a proposition had ever been made to him, that he had ever entertained such an idea, or had ever even thought of it."

Now, before proceeding to the more important question at issue between Mr. Cobbett and his adversaries, it may not be entirely useless to make a few observations on the secondary points of his defence. He says that he is indebted for what he has gained to the exertion of his own mind; he thanks no one; not even the public—" he did not even say in his advertisement that he thanked any one who would buy his books." If Mr. Cobbett, however, *did not* hold out the expectation of his thanks to the purchasers of his Registers; then the beggar who exclaims, " God bless your honor," in return for a halfpenny, expresses no sentiment of gratitude for your donation. In the course of his address he dwells on the miseries of imprisonment, recalls the attention of the reader to his wife and family, assures him that the sale of his back sets would be to him a great convenience, and be the means of giving ease to his mind; and talks in a pathetic strain of the uncertainty of life, and the prospect of pecuniary distress. If this be not the language of supplication, then the language of the common pauper is the language of dignified independance: and if Mr. Cobbett could descend to the accents of supplication, without entertaining at the moment any sentiments of prospective gratitude, the expertness of his literary sophistry is only equalled by the obduracy of his heart.

The loftiness of tone assumed on this occasion, and his bold and positive disavowal of any obligation to that public which has so strenuously encouraged, and so liberally rewarded his personal and literary labours, are injudicious, in as far as they presuppose success to be indicative of merit, and deserve the reprobation of the

community as they evince a total absence of those generous and manly feelings which embellish the intercourse of domestic life, and bind together in closer bonds the connections of political society. Mr. Cobbett must have the good sense to observe that thousands of his neighbours and his friends owe their elevation from indigence and obscurity to wealth and eminence, to the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, to the weakness as much as to the discernment of their supporters, and to the temporary operation of popular enthusiasm. We do not mean to say that this has been the case with Mr. Cobbett; but it may be useful to remind him by an appeal to that common observation of human life which is within the power of every individual, how frequently success is the reward of wickedness and folly, and how often distress and disappointment accompany the labours of the virtuous, the able, and the industrious. Mr. Cobbett is too apt to remind us of his having risen from the ranks, of his having been the architect of his own fortune, and of his personal independance of the attachment to his friends. His grounds at Botley are the continual theme of his discourse, and his possession of a fortune for which "he is indebted to no man," the continual subject of self-congratulation. But in proportion to the value of such possessions, should be the feelings of respect with which he looks up to that public from which they have been derived. It is true that the purchasers of his Register, consult at first their own gratification in its perusal; but when an individual like Mr. Cobbett becomes the literary partizan of a numerous body of individuals, they become in time to be held together by other relations than those which can be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence; the person of the individual becomes an object of interest, and he himself is excited to greater and more worthy exertions by a determination to reward their confidence. What should we think of a performer on the stage, who in his farewell address should inform his audience that "he was well aware that they paid for their tickets to

please themselves, and not to assist him: that in coming to the theatre they only consulted their own gratification, that he had owed the applause with which he had been so frequently greeted, and the fortune he possessed to his own exertions, and he therefore thanked no individual, not even the public?" We should call him an impudent unfeeling *braggadocio*, equally destitute of prudence and sensibility. The mode of reasoning adopted by Mr. Cobbett would relieve him as effectually from the weight of obligation to his Crown and Anchor guests, as from the pressure of gratitude to his readers. He might say on this occasion with as much truth and propriety as marked his reasoning on the other. "You come here, gentlemen, to please yourselves, to gratify your curiosity, to hear a speech; or to eat your pudding and drink your wine; gratitude in me, therefore, is out of the question: I thank none of you." Yet in a strange spirit of inconsistency, he exclaims, "If I wanted any tie to bind me faster in the cause of liberty, that motive I trust would be found in the gratitude I shall always feel for the honor you have done me."

Had Mr. Cobbett defended his projected abandonment of the Register, exclusively on the fear he entertained lest he should not be able to conduct it in its usual tone and manner, the reasonableness of such a fear would have been the only subject of consideration with his friends. But when he claims the right and avows the intention of making the publication of his Register, a matter simply of pecuniary convenience, he deprives himself of one great source of pleasure to his readers, and of benefit to his own interests and exertions. Much of the pleasure communicated to the readers of his Register is derived from the earnestness of his manner, and the persuasion impressed upon us by that earnestness, of his zeal for the cause in which he is engaged, and his conviction of the importance as well as the correctness of the arguments that he wishes to enforce. We participate in his enthusiasm, we contemplate in the ardent and elo-

quent journalist, an individual who communicates to others the animation with which he is himself inflamed, and congratulate the cause in which he is engaged, on the effects that may hereafter be produced by the persevering exertions of so able and vigorous a champion. But when the illusion is dissipated, and we are taught by the individual himself to regard the object of our former admiration in the light of an interested scribbler for gain, who will support the cause of which he is the advocate, so long as it is a source of emolument and no longer; when he openly confesses that his most eloquent passages and his most pathetic appeals to the passions of his countrymen, are the effusions of a writer who feels no interest in the cause, but as it is profitable to himself, our admiration of his patriotism is converted into wonder at his cupidity; and the sentences that formerly awoke the fervor of patriotism, and revived within our bosoms the feelings and the principles of Britons, are viewed with apathy and disgust, as the studied and mercenary paragraphs of a journeyman politician. There is no object of human contemplation more hateful or contemptible than the pretended patriot, who regulates the degree of his exertion in the cause of freedom by the amount of his pecuniary gains, and is only eloquent because he is mercenary.

Such are the reflections that naturally suggest themselves on a review of Mr. Cobbett's defence, even admitting the correctness of his assertion that he had never made "the discontinuing of his Register a condition of his punishment being remitted or mitigated." Yet what is the true meaning of the address in which he had intended to announce the termination of his labours? Was there any thing in the air of Newgate that could subdue the energy of his mind, or any thing in the nature of his punishment that could change the tone and manner of his essays? His committal to Newgate might possibly have appeared to him an obstacle to great and various exertion, but it could not subject him to the necessity (not merely of lowering his tone, as he insinuates in his speech,) but of "giving it" a

"*quite new tone or manner.*" He must have contemplated, therefore, the possibility of his punishment being altogether remitted, on condition of adopting a quite new tone or manner, or in other words of changing his principles; and he hoped by a kind of middle course to mollify the administration without entailing upon himself unmitigated and insurmountable disgrace. Unless the abandonment of the Register was intended as an experiment, how can we account for its subsequent continuation? by what new lights was he able to discover in the course of a week after the recal of his address from the newspapers, that he should be enabled, even in Newgate, to continue the Register, without "making it up" of new matter, or conducting it in a "*quite different tone or manner?*" The fair conclusion on his conduct is this: that he flattered himself with hopes both before and after his sentence, of a proposition from the government, that he vacillated some time between his anxiety to compromise his principles for his safety, and his unwillingness to relinquish the Register without some assurance in return; and after having lain perdu three weeks, and without receiving any overture from the ministers, he was at once enabled to discover that confinement within the walls of Newgate was so far from rendering it necessary to conduct the Register in quite a new tone and manner, that it gave him peculiar facilities of composition, and would enable him to supply his readers with a double portion of political sustenance.*

We have purposely abstained in the preceding observations from any reference to the assertions contained in the second letter to the editor of the Times. It is but fair to afford Mr. Cobbett an opportunity of reply; and if it be true, that he did make, through the medium of Mr. Reeves, a proposal to withdraw his Register on condition of having his punishment remitted, it would add nothing to our conviction of his guilt, though it might aggravate

* See the three blank Registers immediately previous to his commitment, and the preface to his first Wednesday number.

its enormity; nor can any additional evidence of his utter destitution of all correct principle, and his insensibility to shame, be required by those who compare the assertion in the first line of the address that he had never written merely for the sake of gain, with that part of his defence in which he makes the pursuit of gain the only object and criterion of his actions.

## HORACE TWISS, ESQ.

*Farewell Address spoken by Mrs. Siddons on leaving the stage.*

"He may bestride the Gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall,—*so light is vanity!*

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

With a proper contempt of *hoaxing*, I seldom care to read a newspaper, and never think of walking to *Westbourne Green* to give Miss *Patty Wilkinson a guinea** for

* No one would of course (as it was provided) go through the ordeal of an introduction to Mrs. Siddons's protegee, who carved out the theatre and distributed the favors, i, e. places, and pay the common fare of 7s. Whether a letter of recommendation was necessary, does not appear; but I know a family that made a personal application for seats, without one, and failed. This management reminds me in some measure of a strange piece of quackery (if any sort of quackery can be *strange*) in London. A lady lately informed me that she went in her carriage to a milliner's in Bond-street, and proceeded to the shew room, when a very finely ornamented dame, (a kind of animated lay figure) stopt her progress of examination by enquiring "whether she had any letter of introduction?" My fair friend replied, "none, but the desire of making a purchase, and the means of paying for it." "Then," said the queen of Tiffany, "you must permit me to order the bell to be rung for your carriage," and shewed her down stairs.

an admission, *when a seven shilling piece* is almost too much for me: therefore I should not in all probability have ever seen or heard this "address," had not the author kindly circulated printed copies of it, in the form of a letter, one of which has fallen into my hands.

It is, I confess, very well written for Mr. Twiss, better indeed than I expected; for having read his poem, called "*St. Stephens's Chapel*," the most extraordinary tissue of dullness and doggrel that ever crossed me, I had given him up as one utterly disclaimed by the Muses—here, it is true, there is the same lack of invention, imagery, and fancy, but he has improved in his versification, and for what looks like poetry is indebted in some instances to the exertion of a better taste in selection and imitation. The only *point* appears in a single line: she

> "*Is* now the mourner, she but *seemed* before;"

which has been a sure card ever since, "alas I am *no* actor here!" I shall not stop to admire Mr. Twiss's "tendrils," "bewildering visions"—"hues of truth"—"*morning dreams*," and "*melting spills*"—as all who love *Rosa Matilda* will duly appreciate them. Having done with the *sun*, he comes to the *moon*, and here I could wish for a little of his twilight. Speaking of Mrs. Siddons's memory, he says, it shall.

> "*lend to later life a safer tone,*
> *A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.*"

Now I am at a loss to comprehend this pleasure of memory, described as a "*moonlight tint*:" I know there's a pleasure in madness, which none but mad folks feel; but surely we are not to understand that he anticipates an old age of *lunacy*, and if he means any thing else by his moonshine, the secret is at present his own exclusive property.

Still I repeat that the "*address*" is very well for Mr. Twiss; but why should he, like Mrs. S. tell us of resigning *his* "melting spell?" why "breathe *his* long *his* last farewell?" for such are his givings out in print.

This address is forsooth the last of his addresses to the Muse (much injured virgin!) and severer labours (more successful too let's hope) are henceforth to consume his oil. But say, I prythee, Sir, how is it that the public are interested in this amphibious gentleman's serio-comical pursuits? It appears to me that they care not a maravedi about the mixture, unless perchance they entertain some fearful doubts about his keeping his word. To hear what swells him into this consequence, let us read a list of his handy works:

1. As editor of the *Beau Monde*, long naked essays on fashionable dress. (*Anon.*)
2. St. Stephens's Chapel, by *Horatius.*
3. Half a dozen ballads to Scotch airs, by *Horace Twiss, Esq.*
4. An address, by *ditto.**

Then as King Arthur exclaimed to a former ghost, the great and worthy ancestor of all the TWISSES *Gaffer* THUMB: "Why no more! or *why so much?*"

*Cork.* ORRERY.

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## To Mr. D'ISRAELI.

SIR,

THE Literary Fund was avowedly established to encourage and promote the interests of literature by relieving the necessities of its professors, without the indelicacy or ostentation of public charity. On the recurrence of every anniversary festival, the laureat of the institution proclaims its liberality to "merit," that "while it owns its sorrows feels no shame," and celebrates the beneficence that dispenses the gifts of fortune "with liberal hand in solemn and in secret consciousness." On the modesty or propriety of listening to such eulogies, if they be truth, it

* And three or four essays in Cumberland's Review.—EDITOR.

is not my present purpose to enlarge; but the flagrant and shameless violation of every hope held out to the public, and every pledge that had been given to the world of literature, so frequently and strikingly exemplified in the "Calamities of Authors," require the indignant animadversion of every individual connected however remotely with the press, or attached by any tie however feeble or incidental to the interests of learning or benevolence.

In narrating the history of an unfortunate author you inform your readers that you have seen too many letters addressed to the Literary Fund, to be much surprized at the complaints of the individual alluded to: in a note on De Lolme you inform us that he was more than once indebted to the benevolence of the Literary Fund; in your life of Heron you lay before your readers the statement of his case, drawn up in a moment of distress and despondency, and transmitted under an implied obligation of secresy to the authorized officers of the fund; and on various occasions you are anxious to excite our interest in your future labours, by hunting out the stores of curious information which you may be enabled to draw from the same repository. Now, Sir, it is not unreasonable or uncharitable to ask, whether when you published the humiliating confessions, and the confidential or secret applications of the petitioners to the Literary Fund, you did not reflect or were not aware, that you became the instrument of violating the solemn pledges held out by the managers of the institution, to the unfortunate individuals who were reduced by the vicissitudes of fortune to supplicate their compassion? It surely must have occurred to you on your first admission to the registers of the society, that you were indebted for that privilege to a dereliction on the part of its officers of every gentlemanly and honorable feeling: and when you committed the result of your enquiries to the press, it is difficult to conceive that you were not aware how much the act of publication enhanced the guilt of the original impro-

priety. You must have known that the society professes to receive the statements of its petitioners and to relieve their distresses in confidential silence; you must have been aware that by examining its registers you were committing an act of impertinent obtrusion, and indelicate curiosity, and could not publish the documents of which you had obtained possession, without reflecting that you were opening a new source of shame, repentance, and anxiety to the class of the community of which you have affected to deplore the calamities.

If Mr. D'Israeli be admitted to the registers of the society, why may they not be exhibited to half the literary world? and what security is granted to the unfortunate author who has supplicated in secret the aid of the society, that his distresses and his humiliations shall not be communicated to the majority of his literary associates, or to the very friend from whom he most wishes to conceal his misfortunes and his embarrassments? Under such circumstances of suspicion a man of sensibility will sink without appeal into the arms of death or despair, or will welcome the approach of charity with a ten-fold feeling of shame and humiliation. It is evident that you are acquainted with the amount and application of the society's disbursements; and which of the applicants for its benevolence was aware, till the publication of your "Calamities," that he was unbosoming his feelings, and laying open his necessities to Mr. D'Israeli?

For the admission of unofficial individuals therefore to the books of the society, or for the acceptance of that privilege, no appearance of apology can be made; but in defence of the publication of the documents contained in your work, it may be asserted that all the melancholy disclosures they include, are posthumous, and are justifiable because they are innocent. But admitting that such discoveries were harmless in themselves, such an apology will not expiate the guilt of the society. The objects of its benevolence have no reason to expect the posthumous publication of their statements at the time of making

them, but every reason to expect the contrary. If its directors do no positive harm, they are guilty of a breach of faith. They assume the merit of secret benevolence that they may afterwards proclaim their charities to the world, and sympathize in appearance with genius in distress, that they may at some future opportunity expose it in its moments of supplication to the gaze of unhallowed curiosity.

But independent of the effect that your example may produce on the minds of those literary individuals, who have reason to dread, or may hereafter experience the approaches of adversity; something is due to the fame of the individual, and something to his surviving relatives. If a Heron or a Watson be reduced by adversity to lay before the Literary Fund a humiliating statement of his wants, its publication, at a future period, can only gratify the curiosity of the literary lounger at the expence of inevitable pain to his widow or his children. Nor if he has left behind him only the shadow of a name, would an individual of education and of sensibility, look on without emotion while the memory of the dead was insulted by the direct violation of those promises that had cheered the gloom of misfortune, or the open and gratuitous exposure of all that during his cheerless existence he had endeavoured to conceal from others, and to obliterate from his own remembrance.

*London, July 20th.* JUSTUS.

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## THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, VAUXHALL, AND SURRY MAGISTRATES.

SIR,

THE triumph of the saints over that portion of the community which does not regard festivity as synonimous with wickedness, or an indulgence in occasional relaxation as inconsistent with purity of manners and rectitude of prin-

ciple, has just been completed by the declaration of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, that in compliance with the solicitation of the magistrates, he has withdrawn his patronage from the masquerade at Vauxhall, and that he will not sanction Mr. Barrett in any attempt to obtain a licence for that species of amusement. These are virtuous times, Mr. Editor, and it must be highly gratifying to the friends of government to observe the readiness with which a distinguished member of the royal family comes forward to discountenance an amusement, that by any possibility may be subversive of decorum or morality. How ardently must the other members of the royal fraternity sympathize in the virtuous intrepidity of the *ci-devant* alumnus of Gottingen? With what enthusiastic emotions must a Cumberland behold his alertness in the cause of conjugal honor, and a Clarence regard the ardor of his enmity against vulgar "indiscretion." The Duke of Cambridge was fully impressed with the importance of his example to the virtue and good order of society: he knew that the conduct of princes should be guided not only by the desire of individual happiness but by a reference to the general interests of mankind: that to discourage vice is in them, a duty not less paramount than to practice virtue; and that in all the relations of life it becomes them to act, as the models of imitation to the husband, the father, and the friend.

But if such be the merits that we gladly ascribe to the duke himself, in what terms shall we express our gratitude for the exertions of those virtuous and enlightened characters, who first began this war of royalty and godliness with the sinful proprietor of these satanic gardens? Rowland Hill, lift up thy eyes and behold the goodliest of thy chosen people advancing in the work! Ye babes of grace who inhabit the vicinage of Artillery-street and Barron's-buildings; who would rather steal than trust your persons within the walls of the Surrey theatre, and

with whom the heinous sin of reading a Sunday newspaper is more to be deprecated than the crime of murder, look up, and wonder at the piety of your magistrates! who permit within the immediate sphere of their jurisdiction, the most shameless and most disgraceful exhibitions of human depravity to shock the eye and corrupt the morals of the passengers, while they bow down with their collective strength the manager of a scene of public amusement, that has always been the resort of the gay and the young, which affords no comparative facilities to criminality, and to which the virtuous can only be led by their own inclinations. Wickedness will always discover facilities of gratification, and the purity of innocence be liable in every situation, and under every circumstance, to the contamination of immorality; but it was reserved for the worthy magistrates of the Tabernacle to suffer the most disgusting licentiousness to obtrude itself on the public notice where it must be seen, and where it might be suppressed, while their united efforts were directed to the suppression of an amusement, over which their cognizance was more than problematical, and which only demands the attention of voluntary visitors.

According to the old fashioned principles of rectitude, the conduct of the Surry magistrates would have been stigmatized as combining the most detestable hypocrisy with the most inexcusable negligence. It would have been said that the individuals intrusted with authority, who can suffer the decorum of the sabbath to be violated, by a motley concourse of youths and prostitutes; who look on with unconcern, while boys of sixteen and female infants assemble in groups of from thirty to forty on a Sunday evening at the corner of Artillery-street, and practice in the public ways, all the preliminaries to sexual intercourse; who remain inactive while innumerable prostitutes from Dover-street to York-street, expose themselves at their windows, in a state of nature, to the gaze of the virgin and the stripling, and who only come

forward in the cause of order and morality, when their interference is likely to become a matter of public conversation; it would have been said, I repeat, of *such men*, that they were either the most detestable hypocrites, or the weakest of well meaning drivellers. In former times the wisdom as well as the sincerity of these proceedings would have become the objects of enquiry; it would have been observed, that to be disguised will not facilitate, in the gardens themselves, the commission of any criminality that might not be effected under the usual circumstances; that if the danger of assignations be the chief object of magisterial anxiety, assignations can be made any where, and that accommodations are to be obtained in London without the necessity of a visit to Lambeth.

In this enlightened age, however, fanaticism obtains the honors of genuine piety: and the abuse of the amusements and relaxations of social life is adduced in decisive evidence against their limited pursuit. The magistrates, therefore, will applaud themselves, and be applauded by their fanatical admirers, while the determination of the Duke of Cambridge will be the theme of eulogy to every religious scribbler in the evangelical magazines. Yet it might have been supposed that masquerades would have been equally the objects of encouragement to the prince and the magistrates: disguise is equally necessary in the religious and political world, and the freeholders of Surry can testify that *strange habits* are extremely prevalent among the guardians and administrators of their police.

When a low adventurer, distinguished originally for the petty arts by which he gained a subsistence, with half a dozen *alias's* affixed to his name, suddenly becomes the champion of social order and regulated freedom; assumes in his writings the tone of indignant virtue, and in his magisterial capacity the deportment of a puritanical and rigorous assertor of the laws; while he declaims in his monthly essays in the most

servile language that a parasite of power can employ, and exhibits in his conduct to his inferiors the most inflexible intolerance; when in short the selfish and servile mercenary assumes the garb and manners of a guardian of the people, what is he in fact but a principal performer in a *general masquerade*?

When a profligate and abandoned female worn out with dissipation and debauchery, yet retaining in her declining age the passions of youth; and retaining as the visitors of her magnificent mansion, a crowd of needy but youthful adventurers, whose necessities she relieves, in proportion to their readiness to gratify her libidinous desires, is proclaimed by the venal writers of the day, to be a generous, liberal, and virtuous woman, the model of manners and the example of virtue, in what character do her flatterers appear but that of masquerade dressers, who have a store of habits adapted to all ages and conditions; in which the harlot shall personate a virgin, and the profligate assume the severe and chastening virtue of a censor?

When a needy and unprincipled vagrant, taking advantage of the generous and independant spirit of a great nation, and anxious to convert its just prepossessions in favor of their military defenders, to his private benefit, comes forward in the disguise of patriotism, and with a deportment of external candor, to claim from his countrymen the reward of talent and intrepidity in a good cause; while his conscience tells him that to accomplish his purpose he has descended to the most flagrant perjuries: what is he doing but acting a part in the general masquerade of politics; and obtaining by the splendor of his habit, a general acclamation of applause which gives place to disgust and detestation, as soon as he is deprived of his mask and domino, and exposed to the fair observation of the world?

It may well be doubted, therefore, whether the royal and reverend individuals, who have come forward to oppose or discountenance the Vauxhall masquerade, are

performing an act more wise or useful, than the erasure of a solitary word in the poems of Rochester, or the transportation to a friendly country, of a person affected with the plague. If evil be so predominant, that the masquerade must be of necessity a scene of iniquity, then it can only be obstructed at one point of our moral constitution, to rage with tenfold virulence elsewhere. I still hope, however, that their power is not commensurate with their zeal, and that we shall yet have an opportunity of laughing at each other undisturbed by the suppressors. Should the event be consonant with my wishes, it will be an act of justice in the great, the noble, and the wealthy, to testify their opinion of the late interference by their presence. In this case as the choice of characters is the chief difficulty encountered by the visitors, and no time is to be lost, permit me to offer my assistance in their arrangement and adjustment.

A pair of innocents—The Duke of C——— and Lady N.

Page of the back-stairs—Lord V.

Plague or pestilence—Lord Castlereagh.

Intolerance in a flame colour—Lord E———.

Sin and death—Lady and Lord A———

A quack doctor with catholic panacea—Mr. Canning.

Janus—Lord Moira.

As for Mr. Sheridan if he be sober, he will be sufficiently disguised.

Yours, &c.

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## LEIGH HUNT.

" We certainly shall not think of descending to any thing like a level with Mr. Cobbett.

*Examiner, July 12.*

JAMES Henry Leigh Hunt has long been remarkable for the ludicrous airs of self-importance that characterise his newspaper compositions, and we naturally suspected

that the natural progress of vanity would launch into some ludicrous exhibition of his weakness as open and deplorable as that which he has just committed. And what are the splendid merits, and the mighty labours that claim for their possessor, and their author, the admiration of the community? The composition of four volumes of a respectable Sunday newspaper! When a boy at the Blue-coat school, like many other little boys, he indited verses, and unlike many other little boys, he was so foolish as to publish them. His Juvenilia are now forgotten. Their publication was succeeded by the composition of theatricals for the News, and his quarrel with the proprietors of that paper, by the establishment of the Examiner: a journal of which the theatricals are nearly on a level with those in the Times, and the political articles display greater elegance of composition than usually distinguishes the Sunday newspapers. Now, allow him all the praise that he deserves; let it be admitted that he is an ingenious dramatic critic, and that his style is elegant and correct, though deformed by affectation, and never distinguished by the lofty or commanding energy of genius; what is the amount of his deserts, or who will deny that his self-importance is a deplorable proof of human imbecility? Having done something well, he forgets that the admiration of mankind can only be demanded when the object to be fulfilled is as important as the talents devoted to its attainment are transcendant: possessing a moderate share of merit as a journalist, he forgets how mean a rank he holds in the scale of general intellect and exertion. As a scholar, an orator, or a political investigator, he is in no respect above the level of his rivals: he is utterly unqualified to enter into the regular and systematic exemplification of an abstract subject, to throw new light on a complex and intricate question, or to enlighten the understanding by the comprehensive splendour of his general views. To gossip with fluency on the detached and popular topics of the day, and to express with propriety, and sometimes with elegance,

truths that are generally known, but unskilfully embodied, is his only talent. He can descant on the vices of the Regent, and write a very pretty essay on a tavern dinner; but when the Catholic, or the bullion question, or any other topic requiring acuteness of investigation, profundity of thought, the habit of referring to general principles, and comprehensive knowledge, comes before him, he is brief and nerveless; impotent, superficial, and contradictory.

Now, compare this man and his labours with those of Mr. Cobbett. It may be allowed that Mr. Hunt has more claim to the praise of consistency, and is more remarkable for those humble virtues which are necessary to the man of humble talent, and give ten-fold weight and energy to the man of genius. But taking into consideration only their political and literary talents, the distance between them is immeasurable. You might as well compare Apollo in his chariot to a *teacher of music* in his one-horse chaise. A native and unconquerable energy, the faculty of disentangling perplexities, and seeing the most common objects in a new and original point of view, combined with the practical dexterity of the able politician, are the great characteristics of Mr. Cobbett's writings. His faults indeed are as observable as his excellencies; his grossness, his inelegance, his want of arrangement and compression, and his vanity, are so obtrusive, that they could only be excused in an individual of extraordinary powers. But it may justly be said of him, that he touches upon no subject without making it clearer than it was before, or without exhibiting it in a variety of views, in which we should not have observed it without his assistance; and that in every page of his writings there is the most evident testimony of multifarious knowledge, patient thought, and exhaustless ingenuity. You might cut Leigh Hunt and a hundred other scribblers out of a corner of Cobbett's mind; the guests at dinner had too much sense to prefer the pretty-looking flummery of *blanc mange*, to the more solid viands in its

neighbourhood: Mr. Cobbett is a portly pudding, well stuffed with plums, and fulfilling by its hidden treasures its promise to the eye; Mr. Hunt is a plate of blanc mange, neatly served up, and tempting enough on the counter of the confectioner; but to the lovers of better fare, stimulating, yet unsatisfactory; a milk and water compound, affording neither gratification to the appetite, nor nourishment to the body; and regarded as a pretty thing to fill up a table, rather than as an article of utility or necessity.

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## TO A NOBLE LORD OF THE SISTER KINGDOM.

My Lord,

The enviable rank your lordship holds in society, while it occasions you to be looked up to as a pattern for young men of fashion; and your conduct as an unerring rule by which theirs is to be guided; nevertheless subjects you to the admiration or censure of the world, according to the prejudice imbibed either for or against you. Thus your lordship is not without your admirers, and they are young men of rank, and of course such as your lordship wishes to be admired by—bucks, bloods, men of desperate fortune, who have nothing to lose, but who banquet in all the vices of the age, who claim their precedence in society according to the number of women they have debauched, or creditors whom they have bankrupted. Your lordship's censurers are of a different class; they are a dull, plodding set of men, who think practising a fraud upon your friend a bad joke; horsewhipping a clamorous creditor whom you have ruined, a singular method of settling an account; and disturbing the happiness and harmony of a family, by debauching the wife or daughter, a satanic act, for which you must be damned in this world, and the world to

come. It is singular, my lord, considering how strenuously you and your admirers have been labouring for these thirty years, that this class of men is not extinct. We must do you the justice to say they are more rare, but still are formidable. It has been observed and I believe very justly that no species of *viper* can exist on the soil of Ireland, in the thickest of her groves, where the under-cover peculiarly favors the reptile brood, nothing venomous is to be found; nor doth the hottest summer's sun call into life creatures of this class: no, the shade of Ireland are safe retreats from sultry heat, there is nothing venomous there but *man*; the genius of that fertile isle reserved her poison for such of her sons favoured like YOURSELF; sons, my lord, whom she framed without a heart, whom she armed with pride and selfishness, and disgorged as unnatural monsters, unworthy of their parent! Sons, like yourself, gifted with a bold and shameless front, braving the publication of your infamy, and pluming yourself on vices which even the vicious must condemn!! Sons, like yourself, who draw from your mother country the produce of the peasant's labour, who join this produce with property fraudulently obtained of the English trader, and in London make it subservient to your vicious appetites!!! These are truths which your Lordship is aware of, and you have been too long on the town, and too successful in your wretched schemes of iniquity, not to exult in their triumph, and rejoice in their publicity. Publicity! there is nothing more grateful to your lordship's heart. I know there has not been an act of your life that has not been thoroughly accordant with your principles, and the grossness of your nature. Your purse was never opened, but like Pandora's box, to scatter plague; your gold has flown to pay the hire of prostitutes. To fee to your arms the wanton wife, or reward the infamous pander, who had betrayed some deluded girl, and brought her to your embraces. Your Lordship may safely defy man, woman, or child, to say you *ever paid a tradesman's bill*, without being *coerced* to the last

*extremity of the law*, or that you ever contributed a *single guinea to relieve the poor or feed the hungry*. How uniform has been your conduct, how noble, how praise-worthy, and with what an enviable satisfaction does your lordship loll in your curricle, courting admiration in your drive down Bond-street, nodding significantly to a brother black-leg, smiling graciously on the painted harlot, or vacantly staring in the face of an indignant creditor, whom it is your pleasure not immediately to remember! Your lordship ranks, I believe, *first* among the *whips*, and have for years maintained your enviable pre-eminence, and nothing can be more dignified or graceful than your lordship's easy style of driving. A bloated Phaëton of fifty, a delightful object of amorous passion; oh, happy happy Lord * * * *. Thy charms are irresistible.

The limits of the SCOURGE will not allow me this month to furnish you with a few memoranda of your early life; but I will not forget your lordship in the next. Praise is agreeable to you; I have the highest respect for your transcendant talents, and will be careful to record your early exploits, that they may be *admired*, that they may be *imitated!*

CENSOR.

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## INSENSIBILITY OF MEN IN OFFICE TO LITERARY MERIT.

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SIR,

THE total insensibility of the successive administrations that have governed the empire for the last thirty years, to the interests of literature, has more than once become the subject of your indignant animadversion. Even when the rulers of the nation have accidentally condescended to patronize the labours of subservient journalists, venal stupidity has obtained the preference over meritorious talent; and the great and the good,

those who supported the present system of things, from the bias of education, and the impulse of genuine patriotism, have yielded precedence to the mercenary parasites of any minister from whom they had received, or had reason to expect the reward of their servility.

In former times the statesman was proud to participate with the author, in the honors of literary eminence; and the Dorsets, the Harleys, and the Montagues retired from the duties of their public stations to share the conversation and the labours of the poets, and the wits, who adorned the age in which they flourished. But the very name of a writer for gain is regarded by the nobility of our own times as an appellation of disgrace; and even those who, like the gentlemen whom I am about to introduce to your notice, have only regarded the pursuits of literature as secondary and incidental, are when themselves in power, ashamed of acknowledging their literary attachments, and when they are unfortunately the objects of patronage, are doomed unexpectedly to discover that a connection with literature is, of all circumstances, the most inimical to success with the individuals in power. The gentleman, whose change of sentiment the subjoined narrative is intended to trace through all its permutations, is, in himself, a zealous advocate for the interests of literature, and has devoted himself to his pursuits with perseverance and success. The revolution of his opinions is only apparent, and his language is therefore deserving of remark, as exemplifying the system and the habits of his associates. He knew that the scholastic and literary merits which had originally recommended the individual to his favorable attention, would only be an insurmountable bar to his advancement in the favor of his colleagues: a short residence in office had taught him the formal and customary language of address, and while he retained the usual subscription of a friend, his general form of expression is that of the cold and distant politician.

When the present ——— of the ——— was in the

retirement of —— unconnected with public affairs, and devoting that portion of his time which was not employed in the exercise of an honourable profession (the law) to the calm and peaceful pursuits of literature; a young gentleman with greater boldness than knowledge of the world took the opportunity of soliciting his assistance in the management of a periodical work. The overture gave occasion to a correspondence, in which Mr. —— refused to join in the composition of essays which could only add to the reputation of the newspaper in which they might happen to appear. The profession of his correspondent, though respectable, was unfavourable to literary pursuits, and he had only attained his seventeenth year. His condescension, therefore, in assuring the juvenile essayist, that he would be happy to commence a periodical work in conjunction with him, provided it were published alone, and not in the columns of a newspaper, was at once a proof of his literary ardor, of his prepossession in favor of the literary character; and the favourable impressions derived from this assurance, were considerably increased in the receipt of the subjoined letter:

Sir,

I have the favor of your letter, and lose no time in replying to it. My permission, ————, you have most readily, and I beg leave to assure you, that I should feel much pleasure, if I thought it might be in my power to serve or oblige you more substantially. Your writings must, in themselves, confer respectability on you: but since I have been told, that notwithstanding the elegance of those writings,it has not been your fortune to receive the sort of education which is favorable to literature, Iam still more struck with your talents, and wish with more anxiety that you may meet with that encouragement which a *century ago*,would have followed the publication of your compositions as a matter of course,but which at this day is seldom the lot of literary persons. The limited scale on which I live, both with respect to acquaintance and otherwise, makes me feel that I cannot be of service to you in your pursuits; but should any opportunity offer by which I may show you the respect I bear

you, I shall conceive myself so far fortunate, and in the mean time I beg leave to assure you, Sir, that I am, yours very sincerely.

After such a letter, in which the offers of service were solely grounded on a coincidence of literary pursuits, who would not suppose that whatever might be the personal relations between him and the individual, genius would always find in the member admiration and encouragement? But at that period he had not breathed the atmosphere of a modern court, and had not learned that an apparent contempt of literary merit was necessary to the dignity of a servant of the crown. His professions were sincere, and had he remained in seclusion at ———, they would have been justified by the tenor of his future language and conduct. The individual to whom he made this gratuitous offer of service, and for whose genius he feels so much respect, was removed to Oxford; to the dignitaries of which place, the secretary furnished him with some useful introductions. Their occasional correspondence was marked by mutual expressions of regard, and the student having incidentally alluded in his letters to the coldness with which the more aspiring under-graduates were received by their superiors, was re-assured by new expressions of friendship on the part of Mr. ———, and by a series of spirited animadversions on the bigotry of the college dignitaries. "Mere learning (he says) they can endure, but they shrink from the touch of genius with sensitive dislike." This was the manly expression of involuntary indignation at the neglect which an enthusiastic aspirant after literary fame was condemned to experience from the formal and pedantic elders of the university who regarded the prosody of Euripides as the noblest object of human speculation. That they were gratifying to the individual, it is almost superfluous to assert: but he received them with gratitude rather than with expectation; he has never regarded himself as retaining the slightest claim on the friendship or good offices of Mr. —, the notice with which he chose

to honor him was gratuitous and unlooked for, and he was more disposed to thank him for these indications of civility and attachment, than to recal them as pledges of present or of future interest in his welfare.

When Mr. —— was called, however, by the kindness of his friend to his present official situation, the young gentleman, whose prospects at college were more distant and unfavorable than he had expected, conceiving that however slight his claims on the friendship of the secretary might justly be regarded, his competence to the fulfilment of every duty attached to a *subordinate* office, might be some excuse for his presumption, took the liberty of addressing a note to the admirer of genius, and the poetical amateur, stating the outlines of his situation, and offering his services in any station, to the obtainment of which Mr. ———'s interest might be competent. Aware that literature had been the chief pursuit, and literary men the most frequent associates and correspondents, of the secluded gentleman, he was not prepared to discover that the temporary possession of place would have obliterated from his mind every trace of his former attachments, and that the literary merits of the supplicant for office should be the most formidable barrier to his exclusion. That such is the fact will naturally be concluded on a comparison of the language of the subjoined notes, with the assurances that marked their former intercourse.

Dear Sir,

I am afraid it will not be in my power to serve you as you wish. My avocations for some time past have altogether thrown me out of the way of *literary people*, and my acquaintance otherwise except political is very limited. A near relation of min, Mr. ——, lately tutor in Lord —— ——'s family, has been some time wanting a situation of the same kind, and neither I nor any of my connections have been able to accomplish his object: so that you may well suppose I am not the channel of much communication of that sort. With respect to political interest, I have but little, no patronage whatever being attached

to the place which I fill, and what I am able to do with ministers must necessarily be distributed (very scantily, I assure you) among my friends in the city of ——. I am exceedingly sorry that it is not in my power to give an answer more satisfactory to your application, and am, dear Sir, your very sincere well-wisher, and obedient humble servant.

*St. James's Square.*

The general purport of this letter, though it was not composed without a sneer at literary people, was friendly and satisfactory; nor indeed, had it contained a positive refusal, would the individual to whom it was addressed, have received any occasion of personal offence; and when on the advancement of Mr. — to the secretaryship of the ———, he renewed his application, did he feel any other dissatisfaction at the subjoined reply that arose from the change of sentiment with regard to literature and literary men, that it too evidently exhibited.

Dear Sir,

On my return home to day, I find your letter, and am sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you. I am totally unacquainted with any of the writers of any of the numerous periodical works, nor do I ever see these publications, except now and then by accident, owing to my constant engagement in the business of parliament. I am afraid, therefore, that it is wholly out of my power to assist your interest, with the channels of public information, nor indeed have I that acquaintance with *literary people* that might either be useful or amusing to you, my few friends being chiefly among those whose pursuits and avocations are the same as mine are at present, and for some time past have been. If it should lie in my power to serve you, which I much doubt, the doing so will give me much pleasure.

I am, dear Sir,

*Charles-street, Sunday.* Yours, &c.

Of this letter it is observable that it contains no reference to the application to which it was intended as an answer, but contains an anxious disavowal of all connection with literary people; though neither literary peo-

ple, nor their productions, were mentioned in the Oxonian's letter.

It ought not to be forgotten that for three years previous to this correspondence the Oxonian had been a strenuous and successful advocate of that party of which Mr. — has been a successful member; that to his juvenile principles he had sacrificed his immediate interest, and his future expectations; and that independent therefore of any personal claim on the friendship of the secretary, he had ventured to adduce his literary services as some recommendation to the patronage of the government.

W. R.

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## MR. TREASURY CHALMERS.

Sir,

Immediately subsequent to the assassination of Mr. Perceval, a pamphlet, appealing to the benevolence and humanity of the British nation on behalf of the widow of Bellingham, was published by Mr. Jones of Newgate-street, and though the general bearing of the author's arguments is not such as is likely to meet with your approval, the intention with which it was written appears to have been in the highest degree meritorious. Scarcely had its publication been announced, before a Mr. George Chalmers, of No. 5, James-street, Buckingham-gate, inflamed with ideas of his own importance, and too desperately vain to permit himself to suspect that there might be another individual of the same name, with as cogent claims to the notice of the public, thought proper to declare in a public advertisement, that *he* would immediately proceed to justify his character in a court of law, and that *he* had taken the first opportunity of clearing himself from all suspicion in the eyes of Mrs. Perceval. On the propriety of introducing the

name of Mrs. Perceval on an occasion of this kind, or on the justice of making that a question of personal feeling towards her, which is only a question of expedience between the public and Mrs. Bellingham, I shall make no comment. If he means to ground his action on the prefixion of his name to a pamphlet containing sentiments contrary to his own, I shall relieve him from much possible trouble, expence, and disappointment, by informing him, that the author of the pamphlet is a Mr. George Chalmers of Patstow; and had not his egotism predominated over every rational principle of conduct, he would have made some inquiry respecting the author of the book before he had ventured to accuse the publisher of an intention to defraud.

But it is time to unveil this Mr. George Chalmers to the world, and to shew by another melancholy example how much easier it is for the pretended censor to revile the character of others than to preserve his own from merited reproach. Let us call to the recollection, therefore, of this indignant moralist, this vehement expositor of a supposed imposition, this would-be executioner of a supposed criminal for an imaginary crime, that about twenty years ago, a life of Thomas Paine, containing innumerable libels, was published under the name of the Rev. Mr. Oldis, an American loyalst, though that gentleman had no more connection with that disgrace to biography, than Mr. Treasury Chalmers with the pamphlet on Bellingham. Those who knew Mr. Oldis best, were satisfied that he was incapable of compiling the execrable ribaldry circulated under the sanction of his name; and Mr. Chalmers, acquainted as he was with the real circumstances under which that publication was composed, would have done well to imitate the prudence of the injured individual.

And who is this Mr. George Chalmers of No. 3, James-street, Buckingham-gate, who thus supposes himself to be the object of general attention, and who is so sensitively alive to the glory or the purity of his name? Is

it George Chalmers, the Scotchman by birth, and an American by education, who crossed the Atlantic to seek a name, and returned to Britain without any name at all? Is it the same George Chalmers who obtained a pension that he might be enabled to write, and was rewarded with a sinecure because he had written? Is it the George Chalmers who took the lead in the virulence of antijacobinism, and of whom the servility to John Reeves was only equalled by his loyalty to his sovereign? Is it the same George Chalmers who assumed the name of a clergyman that he might circulate with greater effect and rapidity his political tirades? Is it Treasury Chalmers, the ponderous historian of Caledonia, or is he a *new* George Chalmers, with a *new* house, in a courtly neighbourhood, who wishes the world to understand that No. 3, James-street, is a comfortable mansion, and much better adapted to the composition of biography than an American hovel? When he has answered these questions, we may perhaps discover to what influence it is owing that the editor of the Times has refused to insert the reply of the author of the pamphlet to his gross and virulent attack, and by what reasons the Buckingham-gate hero may have been actuated in his courtesies to the family of the late premier. P.P.

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## INDUSTRY *versus* FASHION.

Mr. Scourge,

If the limits of your very excellent magazine will admit the insertion of the following contrasted week's diary of a man of fashion and a Nottingham manufacturer, and it comes within the meaning of your publication, I shall feel highly gratified by seeing it occupy a place there, and I think it may in some measure serve

the cause of between three and four hundred poor fellows who are now in confinement, for being Luddites, and operate against the abominable attempt to increase the power of the magistrates to the alarming extent proposed in the bill now before the House of Commons. The distresses of those unfortunate people can hardly be imagined, and surely, Sir, severity in restraining them from acts of violence, cannot be justifiable if carried beyond ordinary means, because to the present unhappy war, and to those orders in council, now repealed, must be attributed the disturbed state of Nottinghamshire and the adjoining counties. Independent of this, Sir, I have a question to ask arising out of this contrasted week's diary. Do the laws of God, of man, of human nature, allow or countenance the prodigality and waste that is continually taking place in London? Shall the booted fop of Bond-street, who frequently lives by practices much more repugnant to the principles of human nature, than any of the acts committed by the unhappy Luddite---shall these worms of yesterday basking in the meridian of St. James's, these painted Jessamies, these court butterflies---shall these things daily consume and waste at their table what would sustain perhaps three destitute families in these times of scarcity? If men are born without hearts the law should curb their u natural propensities. The hand of the affluent should be stretched out to relieve the needy, it should be a prompt act; and in my mind he is a felon of no ordinary class who wantonly misuses the bounty of God, which was ever intended to be of equal distribution.

Yours, &c.

PHILANTHROPOS.

*Diary of a Nottingham Manufacturer.*

*Monday.* Four o'clock, P. M. Rose a little fevered by anxiety, and but little refreshed by sleep. My poor, my unfor-

*Diary of a Man of Fashion.*

*Monday.* Eleven o'clock, P. M. A cursed head-ach, the hall crowded by duns. A pennyless purse, importunate

tunate Mary, with her five little ones, stir not. I will not disturb them, for oh, too soon they will awake to hunger.—Finished a pair of stockings by six, no more materials, sold them for eighteen-pence; no price, but very fortunate in selling them; bought a loaf and skim-milk; bless their little hearts, how they eat; none but a father can feel the exquisite delight with which a father views his half famished children satisfying the calls of nature. Mary's tearful eye and agonized smile speak volumes. Alas! the faint tinge upon her cheek betrays the undermining ravages of consuming fever, of anxiety, of long-suffering, and of hunger.

*Tuesday.* Morning dawns, and dissipates a dreadful night—a night of sickness, sorrow, and prayer. Mary's fever has alarmingly increased, there are no hopes—the ravenous hand of hunger hath torn up the roots of health—of life. Eight o'clock; the doctor has visited this house of misery, and has sent in medicines gratis, good man. My children have breakfasted, and the small pittance of yesterday is gone: I cannot eat—tears will not flow to my eyes to afford me relief—the pain at my heart



creditors, and a letter by post, informing me I have overdrawn my banker: damned unlucky. Creditors ordered to call again.—Evening more smiling than the morning.—Honored my friend by dining with him, kissed his wife in his absence, and to shew him my esteem, borrowed a small temporary loan.——Ha, ha, ha.

*Tuesday.* Rose at twelve—devil of a night—cursed unlucky at the table, lost all I had, besides 200l.—a debt of honor, and which I expect every moment to be called for: must raise the wind—received news of my mother's illness; well, natural enough: old people must expect to die; cannot go to see her though, for Clementina has agreed to next Sunday's being our wedding-day, and there are many reasons why it should not be deferred, such as 3000l. a year in her own hands, besides

*Diary of a Nottingham Manufacturer.*

overwhelms every faculty, except of feeling, which distracts my brain. Ah! the Luddites, —— is one, and has often tempted me—horror, horror—shall I ?—my dying wife, my famished children—yes, yes. The love of life is Nature's own propensity, and she sanctifies any means by which to live.

*Wednesday.* Wound up to madness, I last night was *twisted in*: the *first* act in which I engaged was the destruction of the frames at ——, and the plunder we shared divided to 37s. a man. Daylight dispersed us, and I returned to my cottage invigorated by joy, but convulsed by throbs I never before had felt. The *money*, the *dreadful money* fed the pleased eyes of my children, and bread and milk were soon obtained. I flew to the couch of my Mary, she bent her faded eyes upon me.—" Oh, Richard !" she exclaimed very feebly, " why have you left me, say where have you spent the night ?"—" Do not ask me," I replied, " be happy—I come to make you so—tell me, my dear Mary, can you eat any thing, say—what shall I get you,—do you need medicine, I have money, and you shall want

*Diary of a Man of Fashion.*

30,000l. in a banker's, and my creditors growing cursedly clamorous.——Ah! the jewellers—shall I—the state of my finances—the debt of honor, yes, yes. To obtain credit is Fashion's own propensity, and she sanctifies *any means* by which to extort it.

*Wednesday.* Huzza, successful beyond precedent ; called last night at Gray's in Sackville-street, bought a service of plate for 800 guineas, for which I gave a draft on my banker, sent the plate to Phillips's to be sold by auction, and borrowed 400l. cash down—bravo, the supplies of the week are raised, and Sunday brings me Clementina's fortune.

*Diary of a Nottingham Manufacturer.*

for nothing,"—she seemed alarmed, I shewed her the pay of my delinquency, she trembled.—"Oh God!" she uttered, "how have you obtained it? out all night—what are these fears that agitate me: Richard, Richard, I know your desperation; tell me, I conjure you, what have you done." I could not speak, my guilt was evident. Mary fainted. I clasped her to my heart. I conjured her. God! God! she recovered not—she grew cold—she had ceased to breathe. The world was a blank to me; my heart's blood froze at its vital source; we sunk apparently death-stricken on the same pillow. Fate had pointed all her bitterest arrows at my breast; I recovered to find my house filled with officers of justice; my person was known in the affair of the night before, and a prison opened her yawning jaws to receive me.

*Thursday.* Raging fever burns up my veins, and they say I have betrayed symptoms of derangement in the night. The light but feebly glimmers in my cell, and the gloom, the appalling gloom is dreadful. Oh, Mary, Mary, your form clings to my brain; I soon shall follow you—but who

*Diary of a Man of Fashion.*

*Thursday.* Gray has just been with me in a thundering storm; says, "he'll sue out a writ against me, my draft is unpaid, and I am little better than a swindler, that the man who robs on the highway for the support of his family is an honest man, compared with me"——heard him very pati-

## *Diary of a Nottingham Manufacturer.*

shall protect my children. The doctor has waited on me, that good man who attended Mary. He has told me that my family are protected, that a decent interment is preparing for my deceased wife, and that powerful interest is making for me. For myself I care not, but I am somewhat easier.

*Friday.* The sessions have begun, and a true bill found against me for frame-breaking: thank heaven, I can contemplate my approaching fate with firmness, the Rev. Mr. ——— has been with me: and by calling in religion, has calmed the turbulent passions of my breast, Thou holy Inspiration! thou blottest out despair from the diseased heart, bending the knee of the sinner before the throne of Mercy!! fortifying his sense of feeling against worldly weakness, and kindly imparting to him the sweetest soul-thrilling hopes of future joy!!!

*Saturday.* The hour of trial is arrived, that solemn awful hour when retribution hangs upon the justice beam, and mercy sues to heaven——'Tis past—the verdict of my countrymen is "Guilty;" the awful sentence of the judge, "Death," and we shall meet—

## *Diary of a Man of Fashion.*

ently, told him I should have effects shortly, and that he must positively wait. Dined with Lord ——, sipped coffee with Clementina, and attended three routs.

*Friday.* Eight P. M. Got scent of the bailiffs. Gray has kept his word, and the mastiffs are after me—distanced them neatly, jockied them in turning a corner—just received news of the death of my mother; well, she's at rest, good soul; cursed unlucky though at this moment, but must keep it mum till Monday, would not be decorous my entering the marriage state under such circumstances, and a wife or a prison are the only alternatives.

*Saturday.* Agreed to give 4000l. for a seat in a *certain* assembly; long price, but must have it; must throw off these debt hunters, and M. P. is an excellent qualification against impertinent intruders. Clementina is mine to-morrow, her fortune on Monday, I shall

*Diary of a Nottingham Manufacturer.*

yes, Mary—yes, thou blessed sainted shade—we shall meet in heaven. The condemned cell receives me, but my soul struggles to be free:

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting,
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory."

*Sunday.* Devoted the early part of the morning to prayer, attended by that excellent divine, who by his precept first inspired me with religious hope, and subdued the raging fever of despair that burst within me. Took a last farewell of my children, a last long lingering look. Oh God! this trial was too great. The agonized feelings of a father were not to be subdued even by religion, their tears were affliction's self, my soul rushed to the threshhold of death, but my heart still held out, and would not break. Joy, joy, a free pardon is shouted through the prison; I am free, I am free, I am free.

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Amidst the tears and blessings of the poor, and almost equally wretched, was this unhappy sufferer conveyed to his home. The first impulse of joy over, his appearance evidenced that excess of suffering had made sad ravages in his constitution. Mary's funeral was to take

*Diary of a Man of Fashion.*

be returned member for —— on Tuesday, and snap my fingers at the bailiffs on Wednesday. Bravo!

*Sunday.* Devoted the early part of the morning o domestic arrangements, previous to my entering the marriage-state. Orde ed my valet to see that *favors* were plentifully distributed. No great liking for the match, by the bye; Clementina is dressy, petulant, vulgar, a coquet, and d——d ugly; but she has three thousand a year, besides twenty thousand pounds in cash.—The ceremony was over at twelve, and dashed off to Brighton at one.

place in a few hours, and he summoned up all his resolution to follow her. Resolution—alas! he was too weak even to suffer. A plain coffin was the depositary of his wife's mortal remains, and after evening service, the slow procession moved forward to do the last sad offices. Richard was chief mourner, followed by his offspring; at the grave he was attentive to the service, and prayed devoutly; but when the clergyman came to the delivery of "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," Richard's soul which had long hung quivering on his lips, departed without a seeming sigh.—His troubles were at an end.

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## NEGLECT OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

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Mr. Editor,

Having noticed your readiness to insert in your valuable publication, whatever statement may conduce to the benefit of our military and naval establishments, I am sure that you will excuse my intrusion on a subject of the utmost importance to our maritime service, and to the brave defenders of our country. I have been in attendance for several days at the Admiralty, where I had an opportunity of observing many brave officers, captains in the royal navy, soliciting for appointments without a prospect of being employed, whose pay does not amount to more than from 6s. 6d. to 10s. a day, not deducting the

income tax, the charge of agents, and other contingencies, amounting to fifteen per cent. upon the pittance received; a sum totally inadequate to support them with the dignity consistent with their rank and profession.

I am sure it is unnecessary to detail the heroic achievements which have been performed by these gallant officers; many of them have served for twenty and thirty years, in every variety of danger, and under every climate. It is to them that we are indebted for the preservation of our national honour, and our domestic comforts: and it is thus that they are rewarded for their toils and their gallantry by less than the earnings of a common labourer.

I have to request therefore that you will indulge me by giving this statement a place in your publication, that the attention of the Admiralty may be called to the necessity of an increase of pay, as well as to the expediency of allowing those meritorious individuals an extensive *Retired List* upon a full establishment, when old officers may console themselves under the calamities brought on by the fatigues of the service. It would serve as a powerful stimulant to youthful bravery, to be conscious that in the decline of age it would not be neglected, and would contribute to prevent those numerous applications to the Board, of which from their frequency a large proportion must be fruitless.

Having said thus much in justice to the feelings of the officers, and from a sincere regard to the welfare of the country, I cannot close this appeal without lamenting that any individual should have been found so callous or so *indiscreet* as to declare the *petition* for an increase of pay to be inadmissible. It is little more at present, if it has at all increased, than in the reign of Anne. Since that period every species of emolument and expence has been nearly quadrupled. The tradesman can place an additional value on his labour in proportion to the relative advance on the comforts and necessaries of life. But the officers of the British navy, while the fame of their

exploits, and the magnitude of their labours, have augmented from year to year, and far eclipse the victories and services of their ancestors, are condemned in case of retirement, or want of employment, to subsist upon an income which, if it were regarded as adequate to their services in the reign of Anne, must now be considered as proportionably contemptible, and is in fact insufficient to the common necessities of life.

I beg leave, Sir, to subscribe myself

A true friend to the British Navy,

NAUTICUS.

Were economy the characteristic of the English government, and every part of our enormous revenue applied to its proper object, and administered with discretion, we might ascribe the reluctance of men in power to attend to representations like that of our correspondent, to a fear, lest in complying with the immediate demands of the dependant and distressed, they should establish a dangerous and expensive precedent. It might be regarded as impolitic to accustom the army to look up to any other advantages than such as were within their reach at their entrance into the service. It might be said that when an individual chuses the military profession, he is aware, or ought to be aware, of the inconveniences attaching to it, and should take into his view the disproportion of pecuniary remuneration to his indispensible toils, and his probable dangers. If an advance of pay be granted at present, it is easy to insinuate, that it may be demanded ten years hence for reasons as cogent as those which influence the present supplicants. But to this mode of defence on the part of ministers, there is one striking and decisive answer. What they expend profusely, and on undeserving objects, would more than relieve the distresses, and reward the services of the suffering and deserving. The sinecure of the E—— of B——— alone, would place every decayed and retired officer in a state of independence.

# On the POLICY of SUBSIDIZING BERNADOTTE and ALEXANDER.

Sir,

Our immortal dramatist has said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." That the private affairs of individuals are subject to fluxions, as the public affairs of the state; that both are alike liable to tides and ebbs, as the latter are subject to lunacy, few will have the hardihood to deny. There are people of a certain creed, who affirm that they are advanced a period further, and swear that the directors are stark mad.

A person must have no flexibility of muscle, possess uncommon apathy of sentiment, be as unfeeling as a post or a prime-minister, if no alteration is visible in his countenance on observing upwards of a dozen proud aristocrats, decorated with innocent, unstained swords, and a package of hair on their shoulders in black silk bags, like porters with their knots, each arrogantly assuming infallibility, at the same time contradicting each other, whilst they veer about just like St. Luke's weather-cock, the most uncertain of cocks between Caithness and Penzance, except the cock at Carlton-house, and since that cock is said to be solely directed by appetite, and to be biassed by petticoat influence, that must surely be allowed to be the most uncertain of all cocks whatever.

The present subject of discussion warrants our surmise first noticed most satisfactorily and completely; for was ever lunar or confirmed madness more certain or more extravagant, than the idea of farther impoverishing this most unfortunate of countries, by raising fresh burthens of taxes, when a great portion of its inhabitants cannot procure work, and are consequently bereft

of sleeping room and bread, being thus exposed to the penalties of the vagrant act, i. e. liable to imprisonment and the scourge.

I say was ever madness more apparent than the idea of furnishing our enemies with the only arms we have to defend ourselves; for if we give them our money we give away every thing we have of value; we furnish them with rods to chastise us for our folly; "'Tis very midsummer madness," and will confirm the opinion that all sensible foreigners have of our prodigality and extravagance. By such a step we should renounce our breath, our blood, and our being!

When the arteries of the state are drained even to a state of exhausted void, for the purpose of supporting "*this just and very necessary war*," and to humour the childish phantasies of a "most beautiful and overgrown baby of 50, the Adonis of the day," in all the pleasant playful vagaries that tickle his Falstaffean fancy, and which his superannuated nurses freely indulge him in;—all that a grateful people can muster, as the building of pretty barracks, laying out Elysian parks, &c. &c. and some are, it is said, so foolishly indulgent; but can it be believed? some are said to go as far as to permit their wives and their mothers to be his playfellows, and his bedfellows.

Aye, there is nothing like petticoat influence: it certainly surpasses all the lunar influence of worlds, having by predestination, been the victim of both; nor can the day be forgotten, when Venus hurled her cestus round me, and with a petticoat, as with an umbrella, obscured all other vision. Gentle editor, pardon, but I blush whilst I remember I dreamt of nothing but gaiters, delicate chemises, silk petticoats, &c. of nothing besides could I think when awake, a fine ancle, a delicate contour, and a well shaped limb set my whole blood in an uproar; nothing was thought of, nothing talked of but the ladies!

From the intrigue of the accused warrior god with my soft-haired patron, and the malevolent constellation of all

the planets, I, poor love-lorn mortal, was consigned to Luna; in her wavering train I have been ever since. But enough! no more of that—the thought is madness! As that sly old Argus, Mr. Warburton, says, "this is talking for talking's sake," and may by many people be considered as very silly. I need not remind your good information, Mr. Editor, how many important events have sprung from little things: the tragedy of the world is full of them, and even a being as insignificant as the M———ss of H———d may give existence to a very serious tragedy here some day!

But the subject I had proposed I am wandering from: let me see, to consider of the *policy of*, *the rationality* of, I will not insult you, Mr. Editor, by saying the *propriety* of, subsidizing Sweden and Russia.

I conceived the English character too generous to encourage ingratitude, too loyal to foster traitors, too religious to sanction a renegado to faith, and finally, too good to do any thing wrong, directly or indirectly; for have we not a celebrated society for the suppression of vice amongst us? Yes, we have; but we have none for the encouragement of virtue: notwithstanding its culture is so much wanted, it is a plant purely exotic here. This is consistent with the vindictive character of the creature man.

I was saying the English were conceived, in my opinion to be too good to do any thing wrong; I shall ever believe they are under the baneful influence of some malevolent constellation, and therefore the errors they run into are surely not to be imputed to them, but to be attributed to their stars. None surely are so mad to contradict this?

Too good to encourage false faith in others, they certainly are not in earnest when they say they will reward Bernadotte at the enormous sum of 40,000*l.* per month. Impossible! impossible they can be such dupes! To believe a man who in the very moment convicted himself of perjury, lying, falsehood to his friend, and, in fact,

of every thing base! to him, who at his will regulates the destinies of this part of the globe.

The magnanimous Alexander is to be feed too---for quarrelling with his friend, and a dangerous one, whose power could annihilate him,---for the purpose of affording his Swedish majesty, or the viceroy of our grand enemy, an opportunity to come into action, and play the traitor, already engaged by the base, by the damning influence of gold, of base English gold! Oh tempora! Oh mores!

Do not believe it, my countrymen, or if you do believe it, pray also believe something else. Do you not believe, my friends, that Buonaparte is at the bottom of all this? 'Tis his advice, it smells strongly of his policy. He well knows that for every guinea you lose he will be a gainer, it enriches him, and makes you poor indeed? It will impoverish you, add to his power, and finally abridge the term of your being able to withstand his hostility, those fatal contentions you have *so long* endured. This may be treated like the prophecies of *Cassandra*, given upon a similar occasion at the Trojan siege, and like her's they are fatally too true, or never again believe

AN INHABITANT OF MOORFIELDS.

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## TRICKS OF THE CORN FACTORS.

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*To the Editor of the Times.*

"SIR,

"Being an admirer of your paper, I am *sorry to see* such a complete misrepresentation of the state of the crops now growing: I rather think you must have copied Mr. Bell s report of yesterday, for it is impossible that actual inspection by different persons, could produce reports so contrary to the facts.—The heavy wheat is *very much* laid, and the winds and rain have *much* injured the lighter crops. *In short*, frosty mornings

with much wind and rain, while wheat is in bloom is always injurious. The beans are *blighted*, and the oats not forward enough to be laid—The hops are foul with vermin, the vine very weak, and the *general opinion* is, that the crops will be *very* short—The old duty, which some years amounted to £240,000, will not, it is supposed, amount to £60,000—You may have *bets* to any extent that thehops will not this year pay the duty. W. W.

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MR. EDITOR,

THE above letter, printed in the Times newsaper of Tuesday, 6th July, will give you some *faint* idea of the *wishes* of those pernicious beings, who under the names of corn merchants, corn-factors, corn-jobbers, &c. speculate upon the miseries of millions of their fellow creatures. Had the writer of the above been actuated only by a *love* of *truth*, supposing (which however is quite contrary to the fact) that the state of crops had been represented in *too* favourable a light, what occasion had he to express his *sorrow* at the case? he might have *contented* himself with barely contradicting the fact, or had better have omitted writing on the subject altogether.— I have no doubt, and it is *too* evident he is interested in his own statement, that he and all his *respectable* fraternity *do* feel *sorrow*; but it is *because* there is every likelihood of a fine and *productive* harvest, and that that favorable but *true* statement he alludes to, *militates* against their *interest*, and may it ever militate, when the happiness, nay the very existence of a *valuable* many is opposed to the sordid calculations of a *worthless* few! Aware of the too great proneness of his countrymen to ideas of despondency, knowing that ill news spreads apace, and that in an overgrown metropolis *few* have the opportunity of ocular demonstration of the state of the country's agriculture, this *insidious* letter has been written, that it might become the subject of conversation, and thus glide unawares into the ears of those who are inclined to view things on the gloomy side—If it only raise *doubt*, *much* of the writer's or his abettor's views ar

answered; but where it is received as *fact*, and *thus* propagated to others, *every* purpose he *intended* is fulfilled: Observe with what *hurry* he comes to the subject, and how *eager* he appears to destroy the pleasant reflections which this, as he calls misrepresented state of things, might occasion; in how very *few* words he denounces to us such general calamity that the wheat is *very* much laid, the likely destruction of great part of the crop, that the beans are *blighted*, the *lateness* of the oats, with the *very shocking state* of the *poor* hops.

Could this man but *realize* his wishes, what *pleasure* it would no doubt afford him; but he and others may *well* be *sorry* to learn, *no* to hear (for they know the truth but wish to destroy it) that the crops generally speaking, present the most encouraging prospect, and that, *in short*, to use his own precipitate words, it is the *general opinion* the warm weather we are likely to be favored with, for the remainder of the summer, will produce a most abundant harvest; and if he have laid any *bets* (betting on public misery is a fit action for a corn-dealer) I sincerely hope he may *lose* them.

It is not by viewing the fields within five miles from London, that an idea can be formed of the state of things. There is always more rain in and near large towns, and particularly manufacturing ones, than in the open country. The rain and wind have *there* never been heavy enough to do any material damage, and by all provincial accounts, the harvest never gave greater promises, and the warm weather we now enjoy, will most probably produce to us that greatest of blessings, plenty! but, alas, how is the bounty of providence, who always in one way or other dispenses enough for all his creatures, perverted by designing and ill principled men!

The London corn exchange is the grand centre from whence emanate half the evils we endure---It is the custom with the London corn-factors, to issue every market day more, particularly on Mondays, what they call states of the market, in which they *advise* their correspondents

how to *act*: by these means the market is never overstocked, but generally very sparingly supplied. As corn must be had for the actual consumption, any price will then be given, and this *thus* unnaturally *raised* price is industriously reported in the country, as the effect of scarcity; the *consequence* is a further advance *there*; the same tricks are played in all the great corn-markets in the united kingdom, and *circular letters* transmitted from one to the other; so that let stocks be *ever* so abundant, you never find any of the markets *overstocked.* By the pernicious assistance of country banks, the corn merchants (often bankers themselves) are enabled to speculate almost to any amount; they purchase from the farmers, (preventing the direct consumers,) and are able to keep their stocks on hand any time they choose by the interchange of bills, and little *real* property is requisite. When they find it suit their purpose to ship corn to the London market, they draw on the corn-factors there at a certain date, which they discount or pay away; the cornfactors in their turn *pay* these bills by *drawing* on the millers, maltsters, distillers, brewers, jobbers, &c. to whom they sell, and *discounting* their acceptances, which they occasionally *renew*, and it *very often* happens that *accommodation* bills are manufactured between these different parties founded on no actual sales, but merely to make a *false property*, and to enable them to keep back supplies to suit the purposes of fixing almost any price they like to the different species of grain. Were there no false credit, no country banks, and no undue facility of discount; were *all* concerned in the corn trade to speculate *no further* than their *actual* property, we should *soon* see corn at a moderate price, and not as *now*, have *reason* to deplore the *blessing* of plenty turned into a *curse*: this has been for many years a growing evil, though perhaps scarcely one in a hundred of the corn merchants on their *commencement* was possessed of property, nay many of them risen from the lowest ranks of society, yet we *now* find them among our senators---our mayors---our aldermen, &c.

and in almost every town the corn people are the first in the place. There is one house in Boston in Lincolnshire that cleared 100,000*l.* in one season, one of the partners of which was some years ago a common pot-boy---thus do some drive on to fortune, and how easy would it be to trace the origin of many on our own (the London market) who now often splash with their *carriages* the stockings of their early but less fortunate acquaintance; to the ale-house, the stable, the wherry, and the granaries. Who could have foreseen in the pot-boy, the boots, the cleaner of horses, the common waterman, the granary man, &c. future senators and civil authorities.

Though forty years ago there were few persons of very large property in the corn trade, yet by the system alluded to, many enormous capitals have been realized, and these faithful to their iniquitous trust, and goaded on by an insatiable thirst of gain, " the more encreased by what it drank on," have been employed with additional weight to the grand purpose of collecting stores, and thus a large *real* property, with the means of extension by *credit*, discount, &c. to any amount, enables the holders just to supply or withhold supplies as best suits their purposes. Many thousand quarters have been kept till destroyed by the worm and otherwise spoilt, sooner than sell it even at the then enormous prices: this evil increases and is likely to increase every year with the accumulated property.

It would be admirable if it were not lamentable to see with what zealous jesuitry to serve their purpose, every trifling incident, in the least favorable to it, is pressed into the service---You never hear them extolling fine or mild weather; but should there fall the smallest shower, or the wind blow more roughly than usual, it is magnified into a deluge or an hurricane; rain at the near approach of harvest is hailed by them with extreme delight, and *feelingly* designated golden showers, " and their baneful toasts in their wine mixed with brandy," are then repeated with a more vociferous tone—Nor does

the evil stop here, fondly encouraging every attempt to raise all the productions of nature and epicures to excess —they willingly give any price that is asked, by *which means* the rates are raised to the other classes, so that it becomes an organized system of *forestalling*, from the greatest contractor down to the lowest greenstall.

In the annals of the corn-trade it is not uncommon to see a man from being a common granary-keeper, and who can scarce pay *scott* and lot, by a fortunate introduction become a contractor, a favorite agent of the minister and assisted by *early* information and many *other* good things, accumulating an enormous fortune, purchasing a princely domain and mansion, and if he has a son, though he should be next of kin to an ideot, as ugly as sin, and a vain puffed-up coxcomb, yet giving him an hundred thousand pounds and a wife with as much, and even obtaining him a seat in the senate, where he has an opportunity of shewing his abilities, in an equally eminent degree with the illumined possessor (and " lover of women and wine") of Rose-hill. This puts me in mind of an anecdote related of such a character, who some years ago went over to Hambro to purchase corn, and was, on his return, detained with many other English merchants, by the ice at Cuxhaven for some weeks, in which dreary place they were obliged to amuse themselves as well as they could. Amongst others there was an English nobleman returning from a negotiation, with whom this individual affected a particular acquaintance, and treated his other countrymen very slightingly. At last they were enabled to get to the packet and arrived at Harwich: there it is usual for all government agents to be landed previous to the passengers, and as the nobleman stepped into the boat for that purpose, his companion was going to follow him, when he stopped him with these words, " However, for want of other objects, I might amuse myself with your upstart pride, ridiculous vanity and stupidity, *on the other side*, I must now inform you that our acquaintance must end *here*." Shame-

struck as much as his narrow conceptions allowed, he returned to the cabin, where he was deservedly received by his former neglected companions with every mark of contempt and ridicule.

It is a very great evil that we have not a free corn-market in London, built at the public expence, and open to all—the present one is the property of an association, and it is necessary to be the owner of some 500l. shares, and possess a deal of interest to get a stand on it,—the old cornfactors are peculiarly jealous of any new competitors, and more than one deserving character has been prevented from entering into business there, and ruined by their united efforts to crush him. It is true there has been a small market established opposite, but it is rather a market for seed than corn. If a large free corn-market were established, there would be a greater number of sellers, and the consequence would be a reduction of prices, as each would be anxious to sell; whereas, being now confined to a few overgrown factors, they are the more indifferent whether they sell or not. Now I am speaking of factors, it may afford some surprize that these characters, who assert that they never speculate upon their own account, but confine themselves entirely to the commission trade, and have but their *bare* commission for their livelihood, should be able to purchase magnificent villas, keep their carriages, mistresses, &c. and live in oriental luxury and splendor: those who are acquainted with the mysteries of the brotherhood, can no doubt well account for it. Yet though they are as close with their "secrets worth knowing" as the Freemasons;—sometimes faint murmurs have been heard of uncommon shortness of measures, misrepresentations of the state of a cargo—mistakes in account sales, returns, &c. Thus from comparatively a poor man, rises, as though by conjuration, quick *presto* a rich one.

Should these observations, drawn up in haste, be favorably received, I will give you in my next some curious anecdotes of these *honest men* in grain.

AN OBSERVER.

## LOVE AND GRACE.

Ezra, a dear and goodly branch
  Of Westley's stock, condemned to roam
In other climates, casts his eye on
  A friend, to guard his wife at home.

Inspired by holy zeal he seeks
  The mansion of his reverend preacher,
And prays him on his bended knees,
  The mysteries of grace to teach her.

The holy guide with joy consents,
  And takes the fair one to his arms;
While Ezra to the vessel hies,
  Relieved from conjugal alarms.

For twelve long months his faithful spouse
  Bewails with constant tears her fate;
And every night her tutor seeks
  With him her cares to dissipate.

Ezra, at length, his wand'rings o'er,
  To meet his wife and infant flies;
But lo! another urchin waits
  To bless the wanderer's longing eyes!

Amazed, he tweaks the preacher's nose,
  And his unfaithful spouse chastises:
When thus a friend, who saw the strife,
  The angry methodist advises.

"Be cool—they've but fulfilled your wishes,
  And shewn by actual demonstration,
How well he taught, and she had learnt,
  The mysteries of RE-GENERATION."

## MR. STANIER CLARKE, OR AN APPEAL TO THE CHAPLAIN.

Mr. Editor,

If you be not rejoiced and astonished at the following intelligence, which has graced the columns of all the morning papers, and will doubtless be copied into the European and the Gentleman's Magazines, you are no friend to "social order and our holy religion:"

"Yesterday morning the Prince Regent attended and partook of the sacrament, after listening to a most eloquent and impressive sermon from the lips of the Rev. J. Stanier Clarke, one of his Royal Highness's chaplains."

I must confess that my very heart overflowed with rapture at the perusal of this interesting paragraph, and when I recalled to my remembrance, that the sacrament can only be taken, without drinking his own damnation, by any but the sincere and stedfast penitent; and when I recollected that even the *little, trifling* peccadilloes of a prince or a courtier are inconsistent with participation in that holy rite, I could not but form to myself the most delightful visions of futurity, or refrain from indulging in the pleasing anticipation of a long and splendid career of princely virtue.

Yet it must not be concealed that something was wanting to my complete enjoyment of the paragraph: the text from which Mr. Clarke deduced his materials of courtly exhortation was forgotten; and the many edifying reflections that would have been excited in the mind of the reader by the precept of Solomon, or the denunciation of St. Paul, were therefore precluded. I shall not say what texts occurred to me as the most applicable to the occasion; the conjectures of any other individual are as good as mine, and to speak in the language of Timothy, of drunkards and harlots, would scandalize the delicate, and shock the profane.

Let me therefore transfer my attention from the text to the chaplain. There can be no doubt that on whatever theme Mr. Clarke might expatiate, he would enforce the most important doctrines of religion, and the first and most urgent duties of morality. He would endeavour to impress on the mind of his exalted auditor the necessity of discountenancing vice, and supporting and rewarding virtue. He would enforce the decencies of life, and descant on the necessity of so regulating our personal conduct, that however imperfect may be our own efforts to fulfil the duties of a Christian, we may rather strengthen than enfeeble the resolves of our inferiors. While the reverend gentleman declaimed with an earnestness proportionate to their magnitude on these and similar topics, he would doubtless be himself impressed with their truth and their importance, and would retire from the scene of his clerical duties to reflect with satisfaction on his efforts in the cause of virtue and national happiness. What will be the horror and astonishment therefore of this "light of the church," when he is told that there are men belonging to his sacred profession, the ministers of Christ, and the guardians of the morals of the community, who have so far forgotten what is due to themselves and to their sacred profession, as to become the open advocates of adultery and licentiousness! One of these gentlemen some time ago committed to the world a costly and magnificent work, in which a notorious courtezan, a woman who had been educated in the arts of prostitution, the acknowledged paramour of a well-known individual, is the object of the most fulsome and disgusting adulation, while the unfortunate wife of the adulterous husband is treated with a grossness bordering on brutality. It was surely the duty of the reverend writer, who knew, or ought to have known, the real character of the female whom he holds up to the public admiration as the model of her sex, to express his abhorrence of the vices by which she was distinguished, and to have reprobated the conjugal unkindness, and chas-

tised the conjugal infidelity of the individual whose actions he had chosen to record. If he could not do this, he should have been silent; but having become the open and servile eulogist of vice and infamy, it becomes the duty of every member of the church of England to prevent him, to the utmost of his power, from obtaining the honours and emoluments of the church that he has disgraced. To whom then can we address ourselves on this occasion with so much propriety as to the Reverend Stanier Clarke, whose opportunities of access to the Prince Regent's ear, peculiarly enable him, to impress on the mind of his Royal Highness the necessity of withholding from such an individual his favour and protection? That Mr. Clarke will undertake the task with peculiar pleasure, cannot be disputed: his acquaintance with the clerical world will enable him to discover the guilty individual, and the disgrace of that individual will preclude the necessity of a further appeal from, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient servant,

AN ENQUIRER.

*Wandsworth, July* 21, 1812.

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## NIGHTLY WATCH BILL.

FEW subjects have excited more consternation and alarm, than the *Nightly Watch Bill* now before the house, and which is expected to be passed into a law. The west end of the town, has literally been in an uproar on the subject, the most fearful apprehensions have been entertained, and the greatest anxieties expressed. The fancy plumed birds of night who prowl only in the shade, the noble gamester who breathes only in hours of gloom, the light heeled housebreaker, the drunken patriot, the revelling shop-boy, the adulterer, the coroneted harlot, the common pick-pocket, the plunderer of the public money,

and all the whole host of fashion, all her various tribes, have been seriously agitated, and dreading little short of extirpation. From that jolly son of Bacchus, the Duke of ———, down to the lowest delinquent that braves the laws, from the Marchioness of ———, to the most miserable cyprian, all have feared a total *stagnation of trade* and *bankruptcy of vice*. How can the Duke of ———, the Marchioness of ———, or Lord ———, or Lady ———, or the Right Hon. ———, or Sir, ———, with a great many et ceteras: how can their pleasures, or their usual habits, be affected by the establishment of a more effective police, a more populous and better regulated nightly watch? It really does appear extraordinary that what is projected to *increase the security* of the people, should so materially *militate* against the habits, and *abridge* the comforts, of his grace and the right honorable and honorables above mentioned. But so it appears to be, and if we look more rigidly into the question, we may arrive at the probable cause: for this purpose let us suppose the following paragraphs to appear in the Morning Post, Chronicle, Herald, &c. the ensuing winter: we have copied their *wit* and *sapiency*.

"A Fat Duke. A singular occurrence took place a few evenings since, in the vicinity of Clare Market, to the great mirth of the neighbourhood, and the no small chagrin of the principal actor. A noble peer of the true N—— breed, who had been maintaining the *majesty of the people*, and confirming it by potent libations at the Shakespeare, reeling home in all the dignity of greatness, convoyed by two famed damsels of the piazza, mistook his way, and unexpectedly found himself seated on a *butcher's block* in the market. In a whimsical mood his grace fancied himself filling the president's chair which he had so recently vacated. "Fill a bumper," he exclaimed, "a bumper to the brim, let me see no daylight in the glass. Come, gentlemen, I will give you constitutional liberty, *the liberty of the subject*." The

girls chuckled at the conceit, and at this moment the patrole going his round, broke in upon his grace's revelry, and demanded an account of himself. "How is this?" cried the jolly peer, feeling himself roughly handled, "thou butcher's dog—Is there a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act?" "Damn your corpus," returned the patrole, "you are a very suspicious fellow and I will have your body to the watch-house." Resistance was in vain, the neighbourhood was alarmed, the overwhelming *majesty of the people* was called to his rescue, but my lord duke was hurried away to ———, where being recognized, he was of course liberated.

MORNING POST.

EXPOSURE EXTRAORDINARY.—At half past three o'clock on Tuesday morning, an old fashioned yellow painted carriage was observed in rather a suspicious situation with the driver's eye anxiously fixed on *a particular house* in *Manchester Square.* The new patrole, who much to the satisfaction of the public are constantly on the alert, seeing it had no number painted on the pannel, and suspecting some foul proceedings were on the watch, like skilful sportsmen waited till the game had quitted cover. The clock struck four, when lo! the door of a *large house* near *Spanish Place* was softly opened, giving egress to a *personage* carefully wrapped up in a long cloak; at his exit it was as silently closed again. The old fashioned carriage was immediately put in motion, the *unknown* just seated—"now is the time," cried the watch, and rushing forward arrested the progress of the horses—the coachmen expostulated— still secresy was observed—at length in the scuffle the cloak fell from the shoulders of the *august* unknown, and exposed a *glittering star.* The perilous situation of the patrole was immediately evident—Morning dawned, and they fell on their knees—to the RISING SUN.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

A worthy baronet suspected of having too *close* a view

of *Oxford* was rather roughly handled a night or two ago by the new watch, and is expected to bring a *charge* before the house in consequence.

HERALD.

It is not true that " Tom Sherry's papa" was conveyed to St. Paul's watch-house, Covent Garden, in a state of inebriety at 3 o'clock on Friday morning. It is notoriously known, he never parts with his glass at so early an hour, and we have authority to state he can prove an alibi.

BRITISH PRESS.

We are authorized to contradict a paragraph which appeared in the morning papers of yesterday, stating that the *Right Honorable Lady* ——— was extremely ill used by the patrole on Thursday last, *one* in the morning, on her ladyship's returning from the KEY HOTEL in Chandos Street. The paragraph has no foundation in fact, and must have been written for the most malignant of purposes—to injure that *respectable* establishment. Ladies of the first fashion have, and still continue to resort to the house, which is unequalled for excellency of accommodation, without having been subjected to any *restraint* or *personal* inconvenience, and if they keep their own counsel without the fear of *discovery*.

COURIER.

The above are a few of the fashionable notices we anticipate, but as it is to be presumed they will be in constant repetition, little danger can be apprehended from this circulation: the novelty, perhaps, at first may occasion a slight stagnation of these very natural pleasures, but time and perseverance will work wonders. The fashionable world at present suffers much restraint by sacrificing to the prejudices of the vulgar---to the ten o'clock man who smokes his pipe and snores till the sun rise; but as water by repeated droppings will wear away stone, so the ear as it becomes more familiarized with

these little fashionable propensities, will cease to be disgusted by them, and publicity will be courted as the only certain means of attaining fashionable celebrity. Then banish these dull fears, let apprehension rest, the Nightly Watch Bill is a good bill, it will favor the vices of the rich, and give security to the tradesmen, and the humbler orders of society from the pilfering villain who steals by night.

WASP.

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## HYPERCRITIC, No. VII.

It is always the characteristic of superior genius that it mistakes the deformities of the great masters of the liberal and instructive arts for the constituents of excellence. The race of imitators will not be persuaded that it is notwithstanding the errors and the absurdities of the successful aspirants after fame, that they have obtained the popular favor; that their faults have been only forgiven in consideration of still more evident and frequent merits, and that had they condescended to be guided by the admitted and regular principles of criticism, they would have obtained a still more extensive and splendid reputation. It is not for his quibbles that Milton has obtained the veneration of his countrymen, nor by his pomposity that Johnson has been exalted to the empire of criticism. It is possible to write a poem as irregular in its metre, and as minutely pedantic in its description of customs and manners, as the worst productions of Walter Scott, that shall yet be a miserable farrago of dullness and vulgarity: and the babyism of Wordsworth has been too frequently imitated by those to whom his pathos and his simplicity were unknown.

The editors of the Edinburgh Quarterly Review appear to have conceived that by imitating the quaintness and the inelegance of their celebrated predecessors, they have done all that is necessary to ensure them the triumph of successful rivalry. But even the most inelegant productions of the Edinburgh Reviewers are enlivened by genuine humour, and atone for their affectation and vulgarity by merits which more than counterbalance their various imperfections. The humorous efforts of the genuine reviewers are always immediately connected with the subject: they never sit down with a determined resolution so shew how witty they can be, independent of any reference to the subject before them. The spurious reviewers, on the contrary, evince in every page a resolution to display their talents for humor; and their want of success is on that account alone, the more remarkable and deplorable.

The quaintness and affectation of the Edinburgh reviewers are admirably imitated in the subjoined extract: but we fear that their wit and humour are not to be found.

"It is worse than useless to attempt to convince a man, when writhing with irritation, biting his nails at some egregious discomfiture, or purring and pthauing at an aukward disappointment, that he ought to tranquillise his mind, exercise patience, and moderate his resentment; that he will only hurt himself by his violence and not mend the matter, that in a little time he will either forget the cause of his grief, or the grief itself will be run aground—and that it is best on the whole to take things easily in this world, and slide through it as quietly as one can. These and such like arguments, the mummery of a rancid condolence, are quite lost in the turbulence of his agony, and have no more efficacy to subdue it, than a hogshead of oil to lay a tempest in the Bay of Biscay, or the sails of a windmill to humanize the extravagancies of a Quixotic Knight, or Locke's Essay on Human Understanding to instil common honesty into the dastardly soul of a crimp serjeant, or a subminister's pensioner."

In this passage we are told of rancid condolence, and

since the epithet rancid is peculiarly applicable to *oil*, it reminds the author of the inefficacy of that fluid to still the raging of the sea. By what association of ideas Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding could lead to the introduction of a drill serjeant and a sub-minister's pensioner, can only be determined by those who have witnessed the struggles of dullness aiming at vivacity, and know by experience how natural it is for the race of scribblers to mistake laboured and unnatural conceit, for the legitimate eccentricity of wit.

After such a display of humour in the first page of his work, the editor should have husbanded his powers, and reserved his unparalleled talents for the necessities of another *Quarter*. But genius is always aspiring: " in its furthest advances, still wishing to go forward; in its highest flights, still wishing to be higher:" and deservedly as the editor of the Edinburgh Quarterly Review, may boast of his " accordance with this representation," he may advance still stronger claims to his responsion to the latter part of Johnson's definition, that he is " always imagining more than he can do." The admirers of genuine sarcasm, will doubtless be delighted by the succeeding paragraph.

" In the former case it is true, where, to use the language of the heathenish *corpuscularians*, the heat is coarched by the too forcible motion of the spirits from the brain infringing on it, or is squeezed by some indigestible compound, lodging in the gizzard, and so cannot disperse its undulations in the well ascertained diagonal of a reputable precedence, but sputters them at all angles and to all distances, like the bursting of a water-pipe—or as when a young dragoon officer swears over his description of his first skirmish with the watchmen, or as when the star-stricken ranter astonished Garrick with the soliloquy, " Toby or not Toby, that is the question," in this case we say it is very true that the chronicle of human nature is somewhat fantastical."

The singular medley of unconnected images, combined in this quotation, bears no more resemblance to genuine wit

than a *non sequitur* to an epigram. It is easy to collect and arrange a certain number of ideas; but to substantiate the writer's claim to the honors of wit or ingenuity, they must have some latent or observable connection with each other, and must have the appearance at least of suggesting themselves, without any effort on his part, to the mind of the author. There is no wit in the composition of a bookseller's catalogue, or the arrangement of a bill of fare. The unnatural and unintelligible medley of water-pipes, diagonals, watchmen, gizzards, ranters, and undulations, reminds us only of the Scotch *non sequitur.*

> Oh that 'twould rain a shower of buttered pease,
> And eke with scratching get the i——,
> He was as brave and gay a youth,
> The puddings danced while the old woman
>                     Keel'd the pot.
> Oh saw ye not Charley the young,
> He walked upon the moon beam o'er the hills;
> With pease pudding in a pot nine days old.

The three pages of nonsense similar to those of the preceding extracts, are intended to contain a humorous exposition of their disappointment in the perusal of Morier's Travels; and by way of illustrating the difference between critical and vulgar passion, we are told that "when we see a patient (it ought to be *impatient*) spill one glass of wine, we may pretty safely hope that he will drink the next one—should he stamp his foot on the floor, so as to make the timbers shake, it is about 1659 chances to one that he will not in a whole year wear out a pair of shoes in the like exercise; or grant that he throw his wig into the fire, it is almost mathematically certain that he will not burn another one for five minutes to come." They then proceed to an analysis of the work, which is only remarkable for its sober and unintelligible mediocrity.

The review of the Scots' Cheap Repository is as much distinguished by good sense, as the "Criticism on an

aged Hermit," by its abortive attempts at irony. In their remarks on Woodhouse, they display such a decent acquaintance with mathematics as is generally possessed by a Cambridge aspirant of one year's standing. The critiques on "Poems by Lieutenant Gray," on "Plumptre's Letters and Songs," and on "Wilson's Isle of Palms;" are the productions of a lettered individual, whose attainments are more respectable, than his taste is polished, or his discrimination acute. He writes in a plain and decent manner; but in a work pretending to come in competition with the Edinburgh Review, these are unattractive and unprofitable merits, and only serve as a foil to the animation, the acuteness, and the metaphysical subtlety of its predecessor. The political articles are written with as trifling a portion of knowledge as could reasonably fall to the share of a reviewer; and the criticism on Buchanan, can only be read with pleasure for the extract it contains. The whole publication, in fact, affords sufficient evidence of patient drudgery, by men, who would be witty and elegant if they could, and would deserve the respect of their friends in their appropriate characters of surgeons and pedagogues.

## ANECDOTE.

Among the noble visitors at the late Masquerade at Vauxhall were the Duke and Duchess of A——. The Marquis of B—— was attired as a warrior, and wore upon his left breast a star, on which was inscribed "Courage, the Protector of Beauty!" He wandered about the gardens for some time in search of a shepherdess, with whom he had formed an assignation: his search was fruitless, and just as he was about to depart in despair, a lady appeared, not, indeed, in the dress of a shepherdess,

but in that of Ellen, in the Knight of Snowdon, with a ribbon round her bonnet, on which was interwoven "Beauty, the Reward of Courage!" Rejoiced at so unexpectedly discovering the supposed object of his affections, he took her by the hand, and hastily leading her from the scene of festivity, handed her to his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive him to No. 17, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square. During their journey the noble M—— endeavoured to engage his female companion in conversation, and recollecting the loquacity of Miss P—— at their former interviews, he was astonished at the brevity and reluctance of her answers. He ascribed her taciturnity, however, partly to affectation, and partly to the effect of her vinous beverage. When they arrived in Grafton-street the lady was ushered up stairs, while the M—— remained below to order the return of the carriage, and to make such arrangements as were necessary to the pleasures of the evening. Having accomplished these preliminaries, he hastened up stairs to his fair companion; in the ardour of his passion forced her to unmask, and discovered, in the object of his amorous violence, the M—— HIS WIFE!!!

## ŒCONOMICAL AND EXPEDITIOUS EDUCATION.

Sir,

The art of writing in sand, though forming one of the chief features of Mr. Lancaster's system of education, and conducive in a great degree, to the purposes of economy; does not appear to afford within itself any new facilities by which the art of writing may be acquired, or promise any diminution of expence, except that which may arise from the difference in value between the sand, and the common materials of penmanship. The attention, therefore, of the promoters of economical tuition

and the friends of education in general, cannot but be interested in the adoption of a system of writing by which the schoolboy is enabled to make as rapid a progress in a month, as is usually effected in the course of several years; and the adult whom imperfect tuition, or the negligence of after-life may have habituated to an unintelligible, or unsightly manuscript, shall be taught in two or three weeks to write with elegance, ease, and expedition.

When it is considered that more than three years are usually expended at school in *endeavouring* to acquire a legible hand, while Mr. Carstairs, the inventor of this system, undertakes to teach the youngest and most unlettered boy, in six lessons only, the art of writing in running or business-hand, and to modify the most illegible manuscript of an adult pupil, into a beautiful and regular form of writing, no other stimulus can be wanting to the governors and benefactors of the Lancasterian and similar institutions, to introduce into the schools established under their superintendence, a system, compared with which, either in point of economy or utility, the practice of writing in sand is useless and unproductive.

The simple principle of keeping the fingers still, and moving the arm alone, so obvious in itself, and yet so directly contrary to the established and systematic practice, would of course be most effectually exemplified by the inventor himself; but whatever may be the share in which his assistance is thought worthy of encouragement, or his discovery regarded as deserving of compensation, the number of witnesses to the success of his exertions as a tutor, preclude the possibility of doubt with regard to the merit of the system itself.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

TACHYGRAPHUS.

## THE REVIEWER. No. XIV.

*Poetical Vagaries; containing an Ode to WE, a hackney'd Critick; Low Ambition, or the Life and Death of Mr. Daw; a Reckoning with Time; the Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig; Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt. By George Colman, the Younger. Longman and Co.*

AMONG the common-places of criticism, a reprobation of the art of punning is the most conspicuous. It is so easy to gain a reputation for genuine wit, or for the more exalted qualities of the mind, by professing to despise the "jingle of sounds," and the poor conceits of the verbal quibblers, that the dull and the indolent, from Bossu to the Critical Reviewers, have gladly adopted so convenient a mode of literary and philosophical display. They have told us that punning is a bastard species of wit, that to play upon words is the amusement of petty minds, and that the contemptible efforts of the punster are beneath the notice of the enlightened critic. Yet while every one abuses this harmless and delightful species of composition, it is the object of universal pursuit, and the cause of universal entertainment. Even Mr. Colman has owed much of his success to the felicity of his verbal combinations; and those who have denied his pretensions to the honours of legitimate wit, have been in all probability the most eager purchasers of his works.

To declaim is easier than to reason, and none of the various opponents of punning, have condescended to inform us, in what respect it is inferior to any other species of wit. It is possible that its facility may be greater than that which accompanies the composition of jeux d'esprit, in which the idea alone is the source of visible pleasure; but if this be true, its advocates have not been willing or able to adduce any evidence in its support: and in their attempts to suppress this species of wit altogether

they have given its advocates a fair apology for advancing it above its proper and natural level.

When the reader is surprized and delighted by the contrast of two words resembling each other in sound, but differing in meaning, or resembling each other in meaning, but differing in sound, the ideas attached to these words are as much the object of comparison as the words themselves, the impression on the mind is exactly the same as those of the jeux d'esprit, in which verbal combinations are excluded, and the merit of the punster is only inferior to that of the "wit," in proportion to the relative facility of his efforts. But there are puns of which the combination must have been as difficult, and must have required as much ingenuity of conception, as the most laboured effusions of what is denominated legitimate wit. The famous epigram, for instance, on King James and the universities may be advantageously contrasted with any production of the most celebrated poets.

"The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
'Cause Tories own no argument but force:
With equal right to Cambridge books he sent,
'Cause Whigs allow no force but argument."

Mr. Colman is an inveterate punster, but his efforts of this kind are peculiarly successful, and have all the characteristics of genuine wit. Their combinations are ludicrous, and yet not obvious; they must have required considerable patience and ingenuity to produce them, yet have not a single feature of the *recherche.* Speaking of an inferior actor, he says:

"Once too, when drunk in *Cerberus*,—oh! shame!
He fell asleep within the Dog's internals;
Thus, Mr. Whitbread's *Porter* overcame
The *Porter* to the King of the Infernals.

Shakespeare says of a virgin, that she went in a maid, who out a maid, never returned more; Mr. Col-

man expresses the same idea by a pun on a vulgar form of phraseology.

"So well he ministered his aid
To comfort and revive the maid,
That ere the sky-lark plumed his wing,
The *maid* was *quite another thing*."

The subjoined couplets however are concluded by a pun to which Mr. Colman should not have descended.

"He feared the *rat* would be espied,
And all his fears were *ratified*."

The following pun describes itself.

"Adam and Eve were at the world's beginning,
Ashamed of nothing till they took to sinning:
But after Adam's slip, the first was Eve's,
With sorrow big
They sought the fig,
To cool their blushes with its banging leaves.
Whereby we find
That, when all things were recent,
So paradoxical is human kind!
Till folks grew naughty they were *barely* decent."

That all his wit, however, even in his shorter passages is not confined to puns, the subjoined extracts will demonstrate.

From "an ode to WE, a hackneyed critic."

"Hail, Plural Unit! who would'st be
A Junto o'er my muse and me,
With dogmas to control us;
Hail, mystick WE! grand Next-to-None!
Large Body corporate of One!
Important *OMNES, solus*!"

---

"Thy voice, which counterfeits, alone,
A score of voices in it's own,



MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

Awhile takes in the many;
Thus a bad one pound note is past
For twenty shillings,—and, at last,
Turns out not worth a penny."

---

"But come,—one moment, leave thy pen
Stick in thy gall-bottle,—and, then,
Smooth o'er thy forehead's furrow:
Let's chat:—Where got'st thou thy employ?
Art thou of Dublin city, joy?
Or bonny Edinborough?"

---

"Many strange faces may be seen;—but Daw's
Look'd like the knocker of a door,—whose grin,
Has let its handle tumble from the jaws,
To hinder you from rapping on its chin.
Three single ladies, and one married,
By looking at him, all miscarried."

The greatest attraction of the volume, is the Lady of the Wreck, a burlesque on Walter Scott's celebrated poem. Mr. Colman has been extremely successful in imitating the rapid succession of ideas, and the vehemence of utterance that constitute the principal charm, while they occasion the defects of Mr. Scott's compositions. The introduction of Irish proper names, and the melodious termination of the sections with the sonorous cognomens, Sir Tooley Whagg O'Shaughnashane, and Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl reminds the reader with irresistible effect of the scenes and heroes of Uam Var. By those who have read the chorus of "Vich Alpine Dhu," in the Lady of the Lake, or the introductory stanzas of Don Roderic, the subjoined imitations will be read with the most ludicrous emotions.

Harp of the Pats! that rotting long hast lain
On the soft bosom of St. Allen's bog;
And *when the wind had fits*, would twang a strain,
Till envious mud did all thy musick clog,

E'en just as too much pudding chokes a dog;—
Oh! Paddy's Harp! still sleeps thine accent's pride?
Will nobody be giving it a jog?
Still must thou silent be, as when espied
Upon an Irish, old, old halfpenny's back side?

Not thus, when Erin wore a wilder shape,
Thy Voice was speechless in an Irish Town;
It roused the hopeless Lover to a rape,
Made timorous Tenants knock proud Landlords down;
Whisky, at every pause, the feast did crown;—
Now, by the powers! the fun was never slack;
The *O*s and *Mac*s were frisky as the Clown;
For, still, the burthen (growing now a hack)
Was, Hubbaboo, dear joys! and Didderoo! and Whack!

Och! wake again! arrah, get up once more!
And let me venture just to take a thrum:
Wake, and be damn'd! you've had a tightish snore!—
Perhaps, I'd better let you lie there, dumb;
Yet, if one Ballad-Monger like my strain,
Though I've a clumsy finger and a thumb,
I shan't have jingled Minstrelsy in vain;—
So, Wizard, be alive! old witch, get up again!

---

Hail to our Chief! now he's wet through with Whiskey;
Long life to the Lady come from the salt seas!
Strike up, blind Harpers! skip high to be frisky!
For what is so gay as a bag-full of fleas?
Crest of O'Shaughnashane!—
That's a Potato, plain,—
Long may your root every Irishman know!
Pats long have stuck to it,
Long bid good luck to it;
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhag, ho!

Our's is an esculent lusty and lasting,
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground;
Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting,
Half Erin's Inhabitants, all the year round.

Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,
Hogs, cow's, or horse's dung,
Still does the Crest of O'Shaughnashane grow;
Shout for it, Ulster men,
Till the bogs quake again!
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhag, ho!

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so shining!
While flowret shall open, and bog-trotter dig,
So long may the sweet Rose of Beauty be twining
Around the Potato of proud Blarneygig!
While the plant vegetates,
While Whisky recreates,
Wash down the root, from the horns that o'erflow;
Shake your shillalahs, boys!
Screeching drunk, scream your joys!
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhag, ho!

Mr. Colman aims at colloquial versification, but his homeliness sometimes degenerates into doggrel, and the rhymes are often evidently the result of laborious trifling.

"And the beast's shape requires particularly
The tallest man to march first perpendicularly."

"But there was nothing which my Lord abhorred,
So much as preaching, so the chaplain sure,
Had got a sinecure."

"Enough—Readers will be content
To hear that dinner passed, when ladies went,
Then in a brimmer Master Church was toasted."

Yet the merits of Mr. Colman, great as they are, remind us only to excite our regret, of a contemporary writer now oppressed with age and infirmity, whose comic effusions as far excel the productions of his imitators as the dramatist of the Haymarket surpasses a Morton and a Dimond. When we mention the name of Walcot, we recal to the attention of the public a writer of vigorous and original humour; the model of comic narration, and

a perfect master of comic satire. The bigotry that *will not* discriminate between the morals and the talents of a public writer has persecuted him into temporary neglect; but when his blasphemies and his profligacies are forgotten by all but his Creator and himself, his literary merits will, if desert be the forerunner of immortality, elevate his posthumous fame to a height that his intolerant enemies have only attained by flattering the prejudices of the multitude, and gratifying the resentment of their superiors.

For Mr. William Gifford we entertain a very warm and a very sincere respect. His exposition of the moral character of Peter Pindar was of vital service to the community, and was distinguished by all the indignant vigour of virtuous genius. But there will always be found a host of individuals to debase the models they imitate, to extend precaution into intolerance, and reprobation into persecution. Scarcely had Mr. Gifford laid aside the scourge, before the author of the Pursuits of Literature, in the wantonness of satire, not only denied the claims of Walcot to respect as a Christian, but to estimation as a poet. He did indeed admit that Peter Pindar occasionally produced a couplet that breathed the spirit of genuine poetry; but his censure far preponderates over his approbation, and for want of more appropriate language, he calls him an "*obscure man.*" Yet the notoriety of the individual could be the only inducement of the Pursuer to attack him; and this "writer of doggrel," if the future preservation of the productions of literature depend on the genius which they exhibit, may probably command the admiration of ages, which shall never hear, except in his writings, the name of Matthias.

In one particular, at least, he excels all the poets of his age and nation: he is equally successful in his pathetic and his humorous efforts: he can excite the tear with as much facility as the smile; and celebrate the sorrows of love with a simplicity only equalled by the vigor and originality of his comic compositions. In his serious productions, there are passages of beauty so exquisite,

and pathos so affecting, that the greatest writer of any time or any country, might have been proud of their influence over the sympathies of his fellow men. He is now old and infirm: let us forget his errors and celebrate his excellence.

"Thus shall the sons of science melt away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower,
For where's the giant who to time shall say,
Destructive tyrant I arrest thy power?"

ODE TO MY CANDLE.

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## UNCOMMON SENSE.

"Oh that I had been writ down an ass!"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE indispensible necessity of putting up with the utmost fervor, and repeating even at double tides, the pointed petition in our excellent liturgy for "*illuminating* all *bishops, priests, and deacons,*" was never so strikkingly evinced as in comparing the effulgent rays of wisdom, emanating from certain personages forming part of a numerous and respectable meeting in Moot Hall assembled at Mansfield in the county of Nottingham, on the 5th day of June last, with the plain scale of common sense. Respectable it certainly must be admitted to have been, for they stile themselves (per advertisement) *respectable,* and pray who should know better? Solomon said, "in the multitude of people is the king's honor," but that is suspected to be an error in translation, and should have been rendered—noblemen—gentlemen, clergymen, and freeholders, as more properly and emphatically expressed in a dutiful and loyal address to the Prince Regent resolved upon at the said meeting. I must here premise that not any censure in this short essay is intended to attach to the laical part of the assemblage above mentioned; being convinced, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the

source is purely clerical, every atom of the address proclaims "the hole of the pit from whence it was digged." No layman would ever have conceived the idea of stopping short at the word freeholder, to the exclusion, on so lamentable an occasion, of the con dolence of the opulent tradesman, and though tenant at will, the extensive copyholder, the lease-holder, or in short, every other description of persons whatsoever; but the truth seems to be this, the holy ones thought descending lower would savour too strongly of universal suffrage; yet, what is a paltry forty shillings, or, in many instances, forty pounds per annum freeholder, compared with many of the former? 'Tis rather laughable, notwithstanding the pompous opening of WE the noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen, and freeholders; it so happened, that in some certain places where the said dutiful and loyal address lay in state, recruits were beat up for rather in the highway and hedge-muster stile, nay, in many instances, previous intimidatory, puny, impotent threats were thrown out, holding forth the infamous coercive insinuation, that all who presumed to differ in opinion from the respectable, &c. &c. might consider themselves as marked men. Surely, this part of the procedure, at least, was not indicative either of the wisdom of the serpent, or the harmlessness of the dove.

It is not my intention to dissect, completely, this most admirable document; just touching, en passant, the charitable, the christian-like, the merciful, the pious, call upon his Royal Highness for the *prompt* and *vigorous execution of strong legislative measures*; (does that mean hanging?) and the zealous determination of offering persons and properties (we most of us hereabout know right well what that means,) I proceed to a paragraph which it would be an unpardonable disrespect to the super-eminent ability of the framers to leave unnoticed, namely, "We regard with detestation and abhorrence the crime which has thus prematurely deprived his Majesty and the country of a man so eminently distinguished by every

virtue, a man whose high talents and unblemished integrity gained him the esteem and admiration of all who were able to appreciate such inestimable qualities." From the inmost recesses of my soul do I detest and abhor the act of assassination as sincerely as any county meeting parish pastor whomsoever. But--Beotian stupidity!--adapted solely to the meridian of Gotham! The congregated clerical talent of a county to talk about appreciating inestimable qualities! Oh, most cutting sarcasm! Truly has it been said, no man can possibly have a more dangerous enemy than an indiscreet friend. So, the unfortunate man ye met to eulogize had really the esteem and admiration of all who were able to appreciate his inestimable qualities? What, none other? Do, my kind condescending souls, have the superlative goodness to inform us what description of men those are, who are able to value things that are "too valuable to be rated, transcending all price." (Johnson) Nay, never start---look at the words; there is no bolting nor sideling out of this; your usual logical subterfuge of "it is not to be taken in that kind of way," cannot avail you. I would defy the united colleges of St. Omer's and Douay, were they in existence, to wriggle or flounce off this hook. Appre*t*iate (I fancy that is the true orthography), signifies not any thing else but to value---to rate---to set a price upon---put the things together---and call a meeting at *Cuckoo Bush*, in the parish of *Gotham* aforesaid, to consider what steps are the most proper to be adopted to meet the most momentous occasion.

But, soft ye,perhaps sorrow had dimmed the eye of reason. Had I but a shadow of evidence on this head, I would certainly retract all I have written. No, I saw several, on their return that evening, who did not appear to be woebegone in the least. To be sure it was said that had any artist of eminence been upon the spot when the portentous words *imminent---despicable---danger---contemptible---* were uttered, he might have embraced an opportunity of sketching such an outline of the *living spectre* who drew

Priam's curtain, which possibly never may recur. It was written by one who doubtless understood human nature, and the English language, full as well as any individual *reverend* in moot-hall assembled, "To be *furious* is to be *frightened beyond fear*." What pity is it, that we are not in possession of an appellation, by the same masterly hand, for the *misfortune* of being *scared beyond common sense*? By way of *conge* to the sacerdotal men of letters, I beg leave to hint at the propriety of submitting the resolutions of the *Cuckoo-bush meeting* to the inspection of some *school-boy* previous to their publication. I cannot conclude this article, as times go, more aptly than by using the words of an anonymous author of some celebrity. "The heads of some men, could they be peeped into, would be found to bear a striking resemblance to a room in which an old woman was dressing feathers, an assemblage of the most incongruous particles, and atoms whirling about in every direction all pother and rubbish!"

OBSERVER.

*Nottingham, July 14th,* 1812.

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## ROMEO COATES, OR THE LOVE OF NOTORIETY.

SIR,

THE same misplaced ambition which has led Lord Castlereagh into the madness of conducting our national expeditions, and excites Mr. H. Twiss to assume the airs and importance of a fashionable favourite, has been the ruin of less exalted and more amiable individual. Mr. Romeo Coates is probably a good-natured man; a dupe as much as he is a pretender, and no one's enemy but his own. Unfortunately the flattery of Bacchanalian dependants, the puffs of dramatic parasites, and the indulgence of the easy and unintelligent part of the community, have converted a simple and well-meaning clown

into a victim of dissipation, and a professor of absurdity. With a fortune that prudently expended might purchase every necessary comfort, and every elegant pleasure, he lives on the scale of a banker's clerk, and mean at home, is miserable abroad.

In the account of the levee contained in the morning papers, it is asserted, and asserted, as I am informed with truth, that Mr. Coates attended in a dress, of which the ornaments were valued at more than five thousand pounds. Nothing need be said on the contemptible vanity of wearing appendages so comparatively trifling in value, merely for the purpose of proclaiming his finery in the newspaper. It is better to throw aside the use of diamonds altogether, than to swagger before a splendid circle of spectators, in the despicable obtrusion of needy splendour. But what will be the surprize of yourself and your readers to be informed that this Mr. Romeo Coates, who expends five thousand pounds on a gala dress, and plies the convenient Dr. Williams with sabbath bribes, resides in a petty lodging-house in Craven-street, and condescends to dine at a *stinted* board that he may adorn his person, support a theatrical critic, and feed his horses. He attends at Barnet races, and after *running away*, (as he expresses it) with the palm of " Tittism," returns to partake of his limited number of cups of tea, and his prescribed proportion of the family slops.

It is melancholy to contemplate the degradation of an individual, whose fortune and rank in society had prepared him for the rational enjoyment of its pleasures, and who thus sacrifices every hope of reasonable gratification, to that love of notoriety which cannot be gratified, to the emulation of men, who only despise him for his presumption, to the indulgence in pursuits of which he can only obtain the partial enjoyment, and to the cultivation of excellencies, in which nature has decreed that he shall not excel. With two thousand a year, he might be comfortable as a domestic man : what he is as a *fashionable*, or a sportsman, is known to every body.

Q. Q.

# THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

THE theatricals of a monthly miscellany are seldom regarded with the interest that may probably attach to its miscellaneous articles. Whatever it is possible to say or think on the subject of the drama, has been already expressed in the columns of the daily journals; to write dramatic critiques as they ought to be written, would require the undivided attention of the most industrious individual; and we are not ambitious of disgusting our readers by repeating the tittle-tattle of the Green Room, with all its monotony of incident, and all its vulgarity of "*slang*." To become a Green Room gossip it is necessary to associate with all the buffoons and the puppies of the theatre, and we do not value the character so highly as to think its attainment worth the sacrifice of our own.

The value indeed of Green Room association may be conjectured from its report of Mr. Jameson's comedy. We were taught from the report of the actors, to expect in the "Touch at the Times," a comedy, replete with vigorous and lively satire, elegant in its dialogue, and interesting in its plot. We found it stale, and stupid, and unprofitable.

*July* 13.—Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage, was brought forward to introduce a Miss Johnson, a young lady of provincial celebrity, to a London audience. The expression of this lady's countenance and figure is admirably adapted to tragedy, as well as her voice, which in many tone reminded us forcibly of Mrs. Siddons; Isabella was one of the characters the peculiar property of that great actress—she had no equal in it—there was nothing like it on the stage. It was almost the last character she represented before a British audience, and the

town was still speaking of her inimitable performance. With these recollections we certainly found fault with Miss Johnson's choice of character for a debut, strongly suspecting there were other parts in which she would have appeared to greater advantage; nor has the result proved that we were mistaken in our judgment. Miss Johnson dressed Isabella well, looked the character well, played it well, and was received well—but these are cold praises to an actress looking for an engagement. We can point out no decided excellence—no new discrimination —no feature of the performance that had not Mrs. Siddons for an original: still we have no hesitation in offering it as our opinion, that Miss Johnson would be a desirable acquisition to either of the winter theatres.

A trifle, in two acts, called Trick for Trick, has been exhibited for the benefit of Miss S. Booth. The incidents are of the most common-place description, and the language too often deformed by vulgarity; but the dialogue is lively, and the personages are kept in continual action. The old story of a young lady becoming acquainted, under another name, with the individual whom her papa had destined for her spouse, and rejecting the real in favor of the supposed favorite, forms the foundation of what was intended for the plot: and the other mistakes have an *equal* claim to originality. To the exertions of Miss Booth, of whom the author observes, that she reminds us of the best days of Mrs. Jordan, he is chiefly indebted for the temporary success of his performance. We scarcely remember an instance of excellence attained under circumstances so unpropitious, as those which impeded the efforts of this meritorious actress. She was first introduced on the provincial theatres as a dancer, and those who best knew the influence of that profession on the heart and intellect, will best be able to appreciate the difficulties she has so nobly overcome. In archness of vivacity, and in feminine pathos, qualifications seldom combined with each other, she perhaps excels all her contemporaries: but the shortness of her stature precludes the frequent display of those more lofty powers that are

necessary to the personification of an Isabella or a Belvidera.

*July* 15.—This theatre closed with Hamlet and Tom Thumb. The character of Hamlet was very well sustained by Mr. C. Kemble, who at the close of the play came forward with a very *modest* address, as is usual at the close of the season, thanking the public for its liberal support, regretting the loss of the *brightest ornaments* of the stage (his brother and sister), begging future support, promising to deserve public favour, and announcing the commencement of the ensuing season on the *seventh* of *September.* When shall this theatrical monopoly cease, or limits be set to the winter proprietors, so as to prevent this unprincipled trespass on the property of the summer theatres? How can Mr. Harris justify such conduct, or is he only taking the advantage of time, and dreading the opening of Drury-lane on the 10th of October?

SUMMER THEATRES.

ENGLISH OPERA, LYCEUM.—The present season has been more than usually abundant with novelties, and we only regret when we consider the laudable exertions of the managers, that none of the *fruit* is worth *preserving.* The first upon the list at this theatre is *July* 2*st*, Highgate Tunnel, or the Secret Arch! intended as a *severe* satire on the hippomania of the winter theatres, the melo-drames, and operatic tragedies of our *modern* bards, opening with a prelude in which the author magnanimously *defies* criticism, and boldly tells us, " if we won't let him alone six days in the week, dam*me* if he'll let *us* alone on the seventh, for he'll start a SUNDAY NEWSPAPER!"

The lash of this *modern Juvenal* is pointed with neither wit, poignancy, nor humour. His jokes are stale, and borrowed from the tap-room of an hedge ale-house. The laugh he excites is just such as would be raised by witnessing a jack-pudding grinning through a horse-collar. In fine, the author is indebted to the actors alone for the existence of this piece, and if we have

aroused his vengeance, he may start a *Sunday newspaper* when he pleases.

*July* 22.—Rich and Poor, a comic opera, altered by the author from the "East Indian," a comedy produced at the late theatre, Drury-lane, in 1799, for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan. Our limits this month will not allow us to enter so fully as we could wish on the powerful demerits of this Opera; we have not time or room to expatiate on its immoral tendency, to expose its fallacy, to hold up to detestation its principles—worthy only of the author of the Monk. We promise our readers next month to analize this piece, this sanctioner of female viciousness, which is nightly represented to our wives and daughters.

Haymarket.—It seems to be one of the incumbrances naturally attaching to the theatrical property that sooner or later it shall become the subject of legal contention. The history of the London houses exhibits a lengthened series of Chancery proceedings, all terminating in the ruin of the contending parties; and in addition to the delightful prospects opened to the lawyers by the dispute of the co-partners in the Opera, and the squabbles at the minor theatre, we foresee in the re-erection of Drury-lane, and the revival of obsolete patents fruitful source of future litigation.

Messrs. Colman, Winston, and Morris, still continue to amuse the town, and impoverish themselves, by the gratuitous sacrifice of their receipts to the officers of Chancery. They are disputing with might and main about a property which, if it be much longer in their own management, will not be worth the trouble of possessing. By their present modes of procedure they may indeed ruin each other, at the expence of themselves; but we had expected something better than the display of obstinate and desperate revenge from the wit, the baron, or the would-be-gentleman.

We congratulate the lawyers therefore (for to them must the profits of a favorite piece ultimately revert)

on the reception of Mr. Oulton's Sleep Walker, a bustling, entertaining trifle, evincing a respectable talent for comic delineation, and a power of conception that, though employed on the present occasion in writing for the actor, may hereafter produce something more worthy of public approbation.

The success of the piece was chiefly owing to the exertions of Matthews, in the character of Somno, a sleep-walking servant. The original conception of this character is ingenious, but we do not think that Mr. Oulton has filled up his own outline with much dexterity. The soliloquy of a somnambulist might have been rendered the vehicle of many entertaining quibbles, and ludicrous images. But Mr. Oulton has contented himself with the stringing together a cento of passages from various dramas, which he introduces without any visible motive, or any principle of connection. In what, for instance, consists the wit or the vivacity of the subjoined soliloquy?

"This is the question,
Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge. What is revenge,
But courage to call in our honor's debts?
Oh! all ye hosts of heaven, oh earth, what else,
Down! down! my heart (ALIBI who is asleep in a chair *snores*)
Who calls on Achmet (ALIBI *yawns.*)
Did Barbarossa call? What, Richmond, Ho!
Richard is hoarse. Bring me a cup of sack?
ALIBI *(Dreaming) Brandy and water.*
*Somno.* You lie; 'tis sack."

Sophia elopes disguised in male habiliments with Sir Patrick Macguire, an Irishman; and Mrs. Decorum, to whom he is introduced, supposing him to be the young lady in disguise, addresses him in the softest accents of female sympathy; desires him to rest his tender limbs, and offers him a share of her bed. The scene in which

the equivoque is conducted, would be more entertaining if it were not so improbable.

*July* 8—"The Child of Chance"—is gone to its long home—"de mortuus nil, nisi bonum."

*July* 23.—"The Fortune Hunters," a *comedy* in three acts, the production of a young author, (Mr. Hewlett, aged 17), said to be his first effort. We have no passion for breaking flies upon a wheel, and as the objectionable part has been expunged since the first representation, we are willing this piece should pronounce its own doom; it will linger a few nights longer. The dramatis personæ consist of a ci-devant strolling player, turned private teacher, a man of little learning but more brass, most admirably played by Jones, with a hit at Coates, the amateur actor. An old maid and a young maid (Mrs. Grove and Miss Bellchamber) both wanting husbands. A love of a doubtful class, who has eloped from his father (Mr. Kent), a humorous valet (Matthews), a forgiving father (Eyre), a fop, without wit or fortune (Betterton), his sister (Mrs. Williams), all fortune hunters. The young maid (Miss Bellchambers) falls in love, at first sight, with a drunken beau, (Kent) who insults her in the p[illegible]: the old maid, with the ci-devant actor, &c. &c.: they are all married!—opposition was drowned by the author's friends, and the next morning the following *elegant critique* appeared at the bottom of the Haymarket bills.

"The new comedy called The Fortune Hunters having been received last night with repeated *bursts* of approbation; and the *neatness* of the *dialogue*, with the *fancy* of the incidents having excited *peculiar* attention, will be repeated every evening till further notice."

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G. Cruikshank sculpt